



WIFE-SWAPPING-- A REPORTER'S EYEWITNESS REPORT!

REAL MEN

12th
YEAR OF
PUBLICATION

AUG. 35¢ PDC

SEX THOUGHTS OF WOMEN

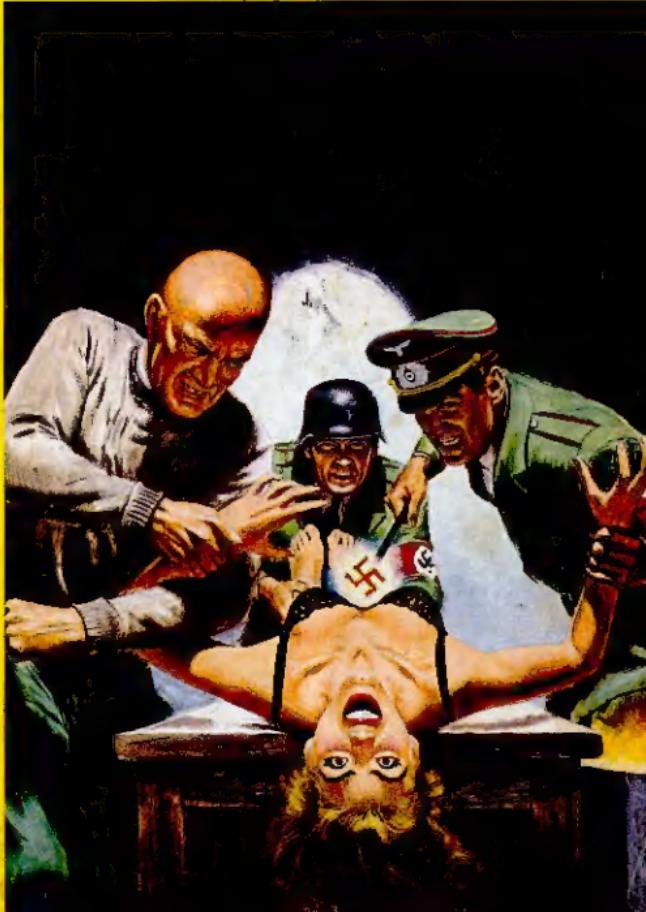
How You Can Read Them!

ONE HOUR
TO STOP THE
NAZI RAPE OF
ST. ROMAINE!

TRAPPED ON AN
ISLAND WITH 40
NYMPHO
BRIDES!



14 EASY WAYS YOUR
"BEST FRIEND"
CAN CHEAT YOU
AT GAMBLING!



WHAT DO THESE CHAMPIONS HAVE IN COMMON...WITH YOU?

MR. OLYMPIA



Larry Scott, "Mr. Olympia," was a 130-lb. skinny weakling. He wrote for my free information—just as you should—and now weighs 205 lbs., with 20-inch arms! One of the world's best-built men ever! How about you?

MR. UNIVERSE



Dave Draper, "Mr. America," once was a fat slab—weighing 255 lbs. Then he wrote for my free information and now weighs 235 lbs. 20½-inches arms, a 25-in. chest, 32 waist. A real champ! Why wait? Rush!

MR. UNIVERSE



Reg Lewis, "Mr. Universe," was kicked around because of being skinny, only 125-lbs., and weak. But he sent for my free information and weighs 205 lbs. and is a real champ! Why not you?

THEY ANSWERED A WEIDER AD—GAINED 3 INCHES TO THEIR ARMS —4 INCHES TO THEIR CHEST—IN 7 SHORT WEEKS! YOU TOO?

You, too—just like these champions—can now own a handsome, muscular body—fast! You, too, can now finally follow the exact same instructions these champs did, and in just 10 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own home, you can instantly slap on 4 inches to your chest and 3 inches to each arm, give yourself lifeguard shoulders, masculinize your waist, get speedy legs, and exercise your body. The techniques are simple, there's nothing complicated, just downright easy!

I don't care if, today, you own the scraggliest, flabbiest or funniest body—whether you're tall or short, young or not-so-young. If you send, under no obligation, for my absolutely free 32-pages of muscle-building information, I guarantee you that virtually ever-night you will experience a muscle-building miracle; before your eyes, you will see handsome muscles bursting out all over you. They will ripple with power, burst with energy—and for the first time in your life, men will envy your body, women admire it, because at last you own a body that brings you fame instead of shame. Let me help you as I did these

champions—who were also weaklings—to put an end to your weakness and shame. Write now for my free information—you'll be so happy you did. After all, you have nothing to lose but your weakness!

A-C-T-I-O-N is the key to strength—make your first Ho-Man Decision N-O-W! Fill out the coupon right now, rush it to me, and in hours I will send you absolutely free—at my own expense—the exact same muscle building information I sent to these and numerous champions, and to over 5 million other successful students. I am known as the most successful trainer of champions. I have been turning weaklings into "Mr. America's" and "Mr. Universe's" successfully since 1936. Don't pass up this once-in-a-lifetime proven successful offer to trade in your body for the one you always dreamed of having. Remember, you will be following in the proven, safe, scientific footsteps of the World's Best Built Men. So hurry! Put an end to your weakness now. Send for my sensational free offer—good only to males between 13 and 75 in normal good health. This is the most time-tested, results-producing course of all time!

ABSOLUTELY FREE! MUSCLE-BUILDING INFORMATION ON HOW TO BUILD A HANDSOME BODY!



JOE WEIDER, Dept. 61-87P
Trainer of Champions since 1936
531-32nd Street, Union City, N.J. 07087

Dear Joe: Shoot the works! I agree that just like the champions before me, I want to be a New Man! Rush me your free muscle-building information that I can use right now at home to build a handsome body. I have checked the gains I want to make. I'm enclosing some money to cover handling and mailing charges. I am under no further obligation in any way.

NAME _____ AGE _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____
ZIP _____

(please print clearly)

MAIL COUPON TODAY FOR FREE 32 PAGE COURSE!

NO OBLIGATION! NOTHING TO BUY!



Here's the kind of body I want (Check as many as you wish).

- Bigger arms
- Larger Chest
- Broader Shoulders
- Athletic Legs
- More Weight
- Lose Weight
- Magnetic Personality



**ABSOLUTELY
FREE!**



This man is a "security risk"!

Age, 29. Married. Two children. High school education. Active in lodge, church, veterans' organization. Employed by large manufacturing concern. Earns \$95 a week.

Sounds like an Average Joe. And he is. Too average! He's got a job. It pays fairly well. He's satisfied.

But here's the catch. With the right kind of training, this young man could be stepping into better jobs. He could be making \$8-10,000 a year. He could be cashing in on those spare-time hours he now wastes.

As it stands now, he's stuck in his job. Can't seem to make any headway. He's reluctant to try. So he just hangs on.

This man is a "Security Risk" to his wife and

children. His family probably will never enjoy the comforts, the prestige, the good living that could be theirs.

If hard times come, they are almost sure to be hurt. For an Average Joe can't compete with trained men when the chips are down.

A man like this would do well to start a planned program of self-improvement. In his spare time. In a field related to his interests and abilities. Right NOW!

One good way to start—a way proved by hundreds of thousands of once-Average Joes who are making good today—is to enroll for special training with a recognized correspondence school. One like I.C.S., the world's oldest and largest.

Don't you be a "Security Risk." Mail the coupon for full, free details while there is still time.

Clip coupon here—and take your first big step to real success! I.C.S., Scranton, Penna. 18515

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 - College Preparation
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(Please indicate whether Mr., Miss or Mrs.)

Age _____

Address _____

Age _____

City _____

State _____

Zip Code _____

Occupation _____

Employed by _____

Working Hours _____

A.M. to _____

P.M. _____

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AUGUST 1967

REAL MEN

VOLUME 11, NUMBER 4

THEODORE S. HECHT

Editor

ALAN CORBEY

Assistant Editor

ARTHUR BONN

Gen. Mgr./Art Director

ELLEN HOLMES

Asst. Art Director

LANIA ASHLEY

Art Associate

LYNN SINCLAIR

Art Associate

NICOLE DUMONT

Art Associate

LAWRENCE P. HATEN

Circulation Director

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A "BEATING-UP" TURNED THIS WEAKLING INTO A CHAMP!



Charles Atlas
"The World's Most
Perfectly Developed Man!"

forming feats

The day after that beating, Charles Atlas began trying every exercise he had ever heard of. Then one day, visiting New York's famed Bronx Zoo, he asked himself: "How does the tiger keep in physical condition? You never see him with a barbell!"

Atlas Discovers the Secret!

He saw how the tiger exercised by stretching its muscles, one against the other. From this, he worked out the amazing "Dynamic-Tension" system of muscle-building that was to make him famous.

Within 12 months, Atlas had doubled his weight. He decided to help all weak, underdeveloped men who suffered as he had. So he made his amazing secret of "Dynamic-Tension" — the system that uses no weights or apparatus — available to men all over the world. Thousands have benefited from his remarkably effective system.

And, as the fame of Charles Atlas spread, he was challenged to perform many thrilling feats of strength. Once he pulled six automobiles, chained together, for a mile. Another time he towed a **7½-ton railroad car** 112 feet along the tracks with a rope!

A far cry from the days of that 97-pound weakling who sobbed his way home after a beating, made a vow that changed his whole life — and since has changed the lives of so many others!

Charles Atlas Towing
Broadway Limited Ob-
servation Car 112 ft!



I Take OLD Bodies and Turn Out NEW Ones!

Check the Kind of NEW BODY You Want RIGHT IN THE COUPON BELOW . . . and I'll Show You How EASILY You Can Have It!

I'M NO MAGICIAN. Making healthy and handsome HE-MEN out of weaklings — turning "skin and bones" or flabby fat into SOLID MUSCLE — is simply my job. But my secret *does* work like "magic."

Do you want broader shoulders — a magnificent "barrel" chest — more powerful arms and legs — a mid-



section lined with solid-as-steel muscle? It's all waiting for you. Just check what you want — RIGHT IN THE COUPON BELOW. I'll show you how I can give it to you!

From "Mouse" to MAN!

You wouldn't believe it but I myself used to be a 97-lb. weakling. Fellows called me "SKINNY." Girls made fun of me behind my back. Then I discovered my remarkable muscle-building secret — "Dynamic-Tension." It turned me from a "bag of bones" into a barrel of muscle! And I felt so much better, so much *on top of the world* in my big, new, husky body, that I decided to devote my whole life to helping other fellows change themselves into "perfectly developed men."

"Dynamic-Tension" Works Fast!

My secret — "Dynamic-Tension" — is the NATURAL easy method you can practice right in the privacy of your own room — JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY — while you build up SOLID MUSCLE in all of the RIGHT PLACES — gain the kind of handsome and healthy build that women admire and men respect.

I give you no gadgets or contraptions. You simply use the SLEEPING muscle-power in your own body almost unconsciously every minute of the day — walking, bending over, even sitting at your table or desk!

CHARLES ATLAS, DEPT. 3388, 115 East 23rd Street, New York, N. Y. 10010

Dear Charles Atlas: Here's the kind of Body I Want:

(Check as many as you like)

- Broader Chest and Shoulders
- More Powerful Arms and Grip
- Slimmer Waist and Hips
- More Powerful Leg Muscles
- More Weight — Solid — in the Right Places
- Better Sleep, More Energy

Send me absolutely FREE a copy of your famous book showing how "Dynamic-Tension" can make me a new man. 32 Pages crammed with photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice. Shows what "Dynamic-Tension" has done for others. Page by page it shows what I can do for YOU. Just glancing through it may mean the turning point in your life — and its yours absolutely FREE! Check the kind of body you want below.

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City: _____ State: _____ Zip Code: _____
In England: Charles Atlas, Chitty St., London, W.I.

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run down?
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Nervous?
Fat and flabby?
Want to lose or
gain weight?
WHAT TO DO
ABOUT IT is
told in my
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FREE My 32-Page Book ■ Yours
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3388, 115 East 23rd St.,
New York, N. Y. 10010**

A.B.C.

Zip Code: _____

REAL MEN SCOREBOARD

ASKED BY police why he fired a revolver 47 times at 4:30 A.M. in his room, a San Antonio, Texas, man explained that he was "repelling an invasion of cockroaches."

After arresting a 15-year-old boy and charging him with robbing his step-father of \$28 at gunpoint, London police searched the lad's belongings and found this entry in the youngster's diary: "Day off, go home and kill Mum and Dad, then take money..."

Mrs. Jimmie Lee White, a gentle Texas lady shot her husband dead with her six-gun—in self-defense she claimed—then applied to the insurance company for her late spouse's money. When



the firm refused, she went to court and won her case when Houston's Federal judge ruled that she is entitled to the insurance as the man's widow, even if the company doesn't think so.

In Mexico City, Federal police, launching a "depistolization" drive, announced that, according to their estimate, at least 10,000 persons in the city carry arms daily!

Practicing a fast draw with a holster strapped to each hip, ■ Newhall, Calif.



For fun, man grabbed for his six-shooters, squeezed both triggers before unholstering, and promptly shot himself in both legs.

In Durban, South Africa, John Williamson Ross committed suicide by putting a dynamite cap in his mouth and lighting the fuse. The reason for Ross' drastic action: he had suffered from chronic headaches for over 20 years.



A French judge is pondering the case of a citizen of Mulhouse, Alsace-Lorraine, against a shopkeeper who sold him a defective pistol. The plaintiff complained that the weapon failed to go off when he tried to shoot his wife and her lover.

A New York woman who shot her husband dead, blithely alibied: "I really did him a favor. I wanted to relieve him of his financial worries."



And another New York girl, after dispatching her boyfriend with a pistol said she had a good reason for it: "He was psychologically aggressive towards me..."

Fernand Moulin, of Mons, Belgium, tried to kill himself by tying one end of a piece of string to his cat's tail and the other to a rifle pointed at his chest. He then startled the cat, which pulled the trigger, seriously wounding him in the lungs.

Accused by the sheriff of knifing another man during an argument over a woman, a Cary, North Carolina, man grinned: "Yeah, I cut him up all right,

but my big blade broke and I couldn't get the little blade open to cut him some more."

In New York, a jobless chap went up to a pier guard and said, "If I had a gun, I'd kill myself." Trying to call the man's bluff the officer handed over his .38-caliber pistol and seconds later watched the man shoot himself through the head.

Asked why his tall girl friend shot him in the thigh, a North Hollywood, California, swain insisted to police that it was true love: "She had no other way of expressing herself."

Charged with killing his wife, a Venice, California, husband told detectives that it was all a mistake: "I meant to shoot my sister, not my wife."

One Texas cop could use some target-practice. He fired six shots at a fugitive and missed each time. In disgust, he threw his weapon at the crook and knocked him unconscious.

And in Petersburg, Virginia, the Chief of Police ordered his men to the pistol range after two detectives, lying in ambush in a frequently-robbed bistro, watched two bandits escape after a battle in the course of which they fired 21 shots without getting a single hit.

A Phoenix, Arizona, resident was taken into custody by police after he shot and wounded a neighbor. But the quick-tempered one claimed to have had great provocation for his deed. Said he: "That guy kept yelling, 'Say man! at me. And besides, he keeps goats in his yard."

A Dallas, Texas, police sergeant, sheepishly reported to his superiors that someone pried open his locker in



the station house and made off with his uniform pants plus a .38 revolver. ■

Performers appreciate the Broadcast Engineer's skill. He makes an important contribution to a smoothly-produced program.



HOW TO

Get an Exciting Job "Inside" Radio or Television...as a Broadcast Engineer

No college or high school diploma needed—just a Government FCC License. Here's how you can prepare in your spare time

LOOKING FOR A JOB with more money and more excitement? Become a Broadcast Engineer!

When you work at a radio or TV station, you're where the action is. You're in on news as it breaks. You hear new records before they're released. You often know the behind-the-scenes stories of important events. You rub shoulders with famous people in show business, athletics and politics. And you may get to announce news or music and become a local celebrity yourself.

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Yes, broadcasting is exciting. And breaking into it is easier than you might imagine. Right now, there's a desperate shortage of broadcast engineers—a job that pays from \$185 to

\$215 a week at big-city stations once you have a little experience under your belt.

All You Need Is a License

You don't need an engineering degree to qualify. You don't need a high school diploma. All you need is a Government 1st Class FCC License. If you have one, most stations will welcome you with open arms. In fact, *Radio-Electronics* magazine says: "If you can't get a good job with one...you'd starve to death in a candy store."

For some men, getting an FCC License is easy. For others it's hard. It depends on how much electronics you know when you take the licensing exam.

Our specialty is making it easy. For over 30 years, we've been teaching men electronics in their homes. No loss income—no classes to attend. Yet our graduates learn their electronics so well, 9 out of 10 pass the FCC exam. Without our training, two out of three men fail! For this reason we can back our license-preparation courses with our iron clad Warranty: Upon completion of your course, you must be able to pass the FCC exam...or your tuition will be refunded in full.

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Address _____

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Occupation _____ Age _____

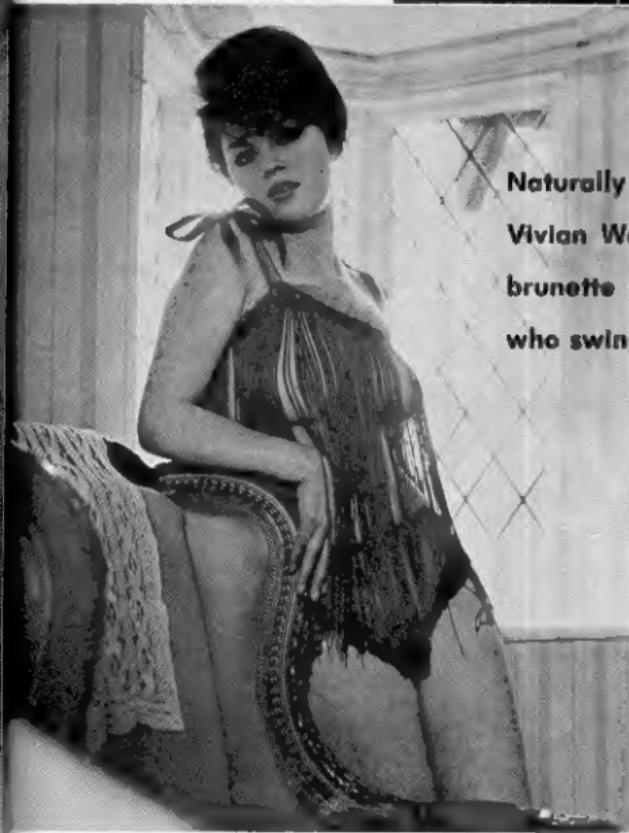
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MG-2



THE WARREN REPORT



Naturally we're talking about Vivian Warren, a vivacious, young brunette from Palo Alto, Calif., who swings as sweet as she looks!

THE WARREN REPORT

Vivian Warren, just for the record,
is all of 23 years old. She's 5'6"
tall, weighs 119 lbs., has green
eyes and tapes around at 36-24-36!



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- Color TV Servicing
- Electronics-TV-Radio Servicing and Communications
- Master Course in Electronics-TV-Radio and Industrial Electronics
- FCC License Course
- Radio Servicing (AM-FM-Transistors)
- Television Servicing
- Stereo, Hi-Fi and Sound Systems
- Basic Electronics
- Electronics Math

HOME APPLIANCES DIVISION

- Home Appliances Master Dept. 236-67
- Technician's Course
- Home Appliances Servicing
- Handyman Appliance Repair

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- Air Conditioning, Refrigeration & Electrical Appliances Master Course
- Air Conditioning-Refrigeration Servicing Course

HIGH SCHOOL DEPARTMENT

- High School at Home



PICTURE OF DEATH



Congratulations to the City of Chicago! After 48 years they finally made it! For on February 23, 1967, Robert Hannah, pictured above was found dead in a snowbank. And his death was officially recorded as the 1000th Chicago gangland slaying, since 1919 when the official box score was started. How many other towns in this good old nation can make that claim? So all hail, Chicago!

Being shot is a messy way to die. But to the corpse, the mess is rather meaningful: He's found peace. He's found an escape. He's found relief from his troubles. Now it's up to us, the poor survivors to take over the job of cleaning up.



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TO A SPECIAL FEW!!!

NOW! "A STIMULATING DRINK" FROM A JUNGLE "EXCITANT" TYPE HERB...

Gives almost instant energy... "stimulates" you both physically and mentally... and is completely safe!

- GIVES YOU THAT WONDERFUL "LIFT"
- BUILDS INSTANT "SPURTS OF ENERGY"
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- RECOMMENDED BY WORLD FAMOUS PHYSICIANS
- USED BY PRESIDENTS AND NOBILITY
- CREATES THAT "SPECIAL FEELING"
- SOOTHES NERVES
- HELPS CONTROL FATIGUE
- SAFE FOR MALE OR FEMALE

You friends! Now for the first time and only through this offer you can buy the wonderful exciting Herb leaf ground into a powdered form, that quickly and easily is mixed with water to give you instant energy when and where you need it most. Here's the true and documented story of how our product was first discovered hundreds of years ago and then taken off the market because of the miracle-like effect it had on humans.

READ THE STARTLING HISTORY OF OUR AMAZING PRODUCT

Early in the sixteenth century, Juan de Solis, Famous Spanish Explorer, wrote: "that many Indian tribes of South America brewed certain tonics from trees and enjoyed great "exhilaration" and relief from fatigue." This same exotic drink produced a "feeling of strong desire." Then in the 1800's the demand for this miraculous herb became so great that laws were passed prohibiting its sale—which then caused a tremendous bootleg and black market business to sell this wonderful product to the tens of thousands of waiting customers. The name of this much sought after herb in powder form we call "MATE-HERB". Yes, MATE-HERB gives you almost instant energy, satisfies, even helps control hunger, stimulates you physically and mentally and provides a wonderful "lift" that many people, MALE AND FEMALE alike, need and want those "Special" times each and every day.

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Yes! People in the "know" all over the world are turning to this wonderful drink with so many remarkable qualities. This very same product it is said, was used and praised by Presidents Theodore Roosevelt and Franklin Roosevelt.

Yes, this sensational herbal beverage is nothing new to physicians and scientists the world over. NOW AT LAST THIS MIRACLE-LIKE PRODUCT IS AVAILABLE TO YOU. Reports have been published in respected journals everywhere including:

- 1-ARGENTINE IN THE AMERICAS
- 2-U.S. DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE CONSULAR REPORT
- 3-BULLETIN OF THE PAN AMERICAN UNION

GUARANTEE

TRY MATE-HERB for just ONE single day, and if you do not feel dramatic results immediately, you may return the unused portion anytime within a 30 day period for a full refund.

THE DERF CO.



IMPORTANT: Mate-Herb is not a harmful Aphrodisiac, nor does it require a doctor's prescription. It is not a pill, capsule or any type of vitamin formula. Mate-Herb is a concentrated powder unlike most anything you ever tried... you can be sure!!!

4-INTER-AMERICA 5-FOREIGN ARGENTINA 6-BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL

.... AND MANY MORE
A famous Paraguayan writer said "When we taste MATE-HERB our energies are renewed, our nerves are invigorated and our souls are comforted." THE UNITED STATES COMMERCIAL CONSULAR REPORT states: "Action of MATE-HERB is to arrest the feeling of weariness that comes from excessive labor of mind and body."

RESULTS GUARANTEED WITHIN 3 HOURS

You friends we have told you we can about this amazing product. Now is your chance to try

MATE-HERB at our risk without losing a penny.

Here's all we ask of you. When your generous supply of MATE-HERB arrives in a "plain wrapper," follow the simple directions and after the first MATE-HERB for just ONE single day if you don't feel you're ready for action return the unused portion for your money back. What could be fairer than that? Our company doesn't say use our product for 7 days, 10 days or 30 days. WE say try it only 1 day and feel the "stimulating" results for yourself.

You must act immediately, so place your order today, for this offer may be withdrawn at any time without notice. Send for your MATE-HERB today!!

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Please send your wonderful product called MATE-HERB immediately under your 36 Day Money Back Guarantee.

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|---|--------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Single Order | Only \$ 4.98 |
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Enclosed is CASH CHECK MONEY ORDER

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ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

SORRY, NO C.O.D.'s

medicine man



Tuberculin tests. Three Federal agencies have recommended that instead of the compulsory school X-ray tests for tuberculosis, tuberculin patch tests be given. These agencies, all in the Department of Health, Education and Welfare are: the Public Health Service, the Office of Education, and the Children's Bureau. The Department feels that the value of mass X-ray programs should be weighed against unnecessary exposure to radiation. Under the plan recommended to state and local authorities, X-ray photographs would be limited to persons whose skin tests were positive for tuberculosis. In the skin test, a substance called tuberculin is applied to the skin by an adhesive patch, or by injection between the layers of the skin. If tuberculosis bacilli are present, a reaction will take place, such as a swelling of the skin.

Radiation. The American Medical Association recently received a research report, showing that none of a group of 335 individuals exposed to radar beams has suffered any ill effects. Dr. G. I. Barron, medical director of the California Division of the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation in Burbank, Calif., gave the report. Among the group, Dr. Barron said, exposure to radar varied from an occasional incidental contact, to as much as four hours daily. Some of the group had had regular exposure to radar for thirteen years. The employees were examined at intervals of six, twelve and twenty-four months in an effort to find sudden or cumulative biological effects from radar. A similar non-exposed group was also examined. Dr. Barron said the examinations showed no significant changes in the exposed group.

Hypnotism in heart surgery. A 14-year-old girl with her heart opened, was awakened on the operating table to demonstrate the value of hypnotism in surgery, a physician reported to the American Medical Association. While her blood was being pumped by a machine, the girl opened her eyes and responded repeatedly to instructions. The physician, Dr. Milton Marmer, said the girl had been put to sleep again by suggestion and had come through the operation without ill effect. Twenty days later, she left the hospital. The doctor stated that a return to consciousness while under open heart surgery is a good idea, because it allows the physicians to check on whether a patient's brain is being damaged while the machine is doing the heart's job. With hypnosis, he de-

clared. ■ smaller amount of anesthetic was needed to put the patient to sleep. It also enabled the doctor to restore her to slumber after once awakening her. The reduced amount of anesthetic minimized the toxic effects and prevented nausea afterward, Dr. Marmer said. Children between the ages of 7 and 14 are good hypnosis subjects, because of their heightened powers of imagination and their ability to play a role or create a fantasy.

Thyroid and emotions. Psychiatrists who have noted that thyroid gland disorders may go hand in hand with mental illness, have been baffled in their efforts to chart precisely which disorders produced what effects. A Manhattan group submitted a promising progress report to the American Psychiatric Association concerning triiodothyronine (known as "T3" among hormone specialists), by far the most potent of all thyroid hormones and their derivatives. T3 was given to 24 patients kept on a strict routine in a metabolic ward. Everything they ate, drank and excreted was weighed and analyzed. Most were schizophrenics; some were psychoneurotics. Nearly all were depressed (at times suicidal), emotionally unresponsive, resentful, uninterested in sex and depersonalized. (Common complaints were, "I am numb" and, "Everything I do is automatic"). Even in minute quantities, T3 made a marked difference in 14 patients (one showed no response, and nine others showed slight changes, usually a decrease in resentment). To the psychiatrists trying to make closer contact with patients for more effective treatment, the important thing was that the 14 became markedly more responsive. In many cases, the numb automatism disappeared. Emotions that had been buried in the unconscious came out in the open, and could be dealt with in psychotherapy. Far from being just another tranquilizer, the hormone brought out hostility and in some cases sexual drive in previously depressed patients, which helped the psychiatrist to pinpoint more precisely the emotional problems they faced. Because T3 may have temporarily disturbing as well as beneficial effects, the doctors see little place for its use outside a well-staffed psychiatric hospital. There, they believe, it shows great promise.

Bursitis. The persistent pain associated with acute flare-ups of this common affliction can often be relieved safely and effectively by aspirin or other analgesic drugs. If inflammation is severe, the doctor may prescribe ACTH. ■ ■ ■



SECRETS of Teaching Yourself MUSIC

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TEACH yourself music? Yes, you can - and you'll be amazed how easy it is! Piano, guitar, accordion, saxophone — any popular instrument — you can teach yourself to play it right away. It's all possible thanks to the remarkable home-study Course offered to you now by the famous U.S. School of Music.

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The secret of this rapid success is in the Course's unique, proven method of instruction. Simple, easy-to-understand instructions tell you what to do. Then, wonderfully clear pictures show you just how to do it. These lessons are so well-developed and effective, you actually *teach yourself*! It's so easy, that even children can learn. And you don't need any special talent, or previous experience, or even special knowledge of music!

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EXCITED DELIGHTED I'm so excited, thrilled and delighted with this magical Course that it's difficult to "go slowly." Instructions are easily understood. And I enjoy the fact that I can practice and study at my own pace and speed!

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CITY _____

Do you have instruments?

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Instruments if needed, supplied to our students at reduced rates

30-day money back guarantee

The French girl lived but for just one purpose and that
was to kill Krauts... and that she did with superb skill!

ONE HOUR TO STOP THE NAZI RAPE OF ST. L





The Yanks came into St. Romaine very cautiously, believing that the Nazis were strongly entrenched in the town. However, to their astonishment, the only resistance encountered came from scattered, ineffectual German sniper fire.

ROMAINE



by LEE MANN

■ "Shut your mouth and hold on!"

I grabbed the French resistance fighter one hand and desperately clung to the bell clapper in the Cathedral St. Romaine with the other. The bell was our sanctuary and our only hiding place, but the sight of Nazis scurrying around below was enough to send the twenty six-year-old, busty French girl into a low, growing tirade against the Krauts which I was afraid would damned surely give us away.

The Germans were directly below, moving up slowly toward the uppermost section of the big Cathedral. The girl was holding me around the waist and a damned stiletto

As Francine crawled under the wire, the German Colonel screamed, "Get her! Get that French pig! She's the leader of the Maquis!" Bullets spat around the girl.





WIFE-SWAPPING



A REPORTER'S EYEWITNESS STORY



**The party got wilder and
wilder, with the sex kooks
wrapping themselves around
each others' wives and
husbands in frenzied joy!**

by JAY SEYMOUR

For two dollars and a self-addressed envelope, an organization in Pennsylvania will send "to broad minded couples and couples clubs, next month's listing of get-togethers in your general interests and area."

The couples referred to are broad-minded in the sense that the husbands have broads on their minds, and the get-togethers are usually swinging little orgies dedicated to the proposition that it takes more than four bare legs in a bed to make a happy marriage. To the sex-kooks who belong to these "clubs", six or eight legs is a much more satisfactory number.

Although sex oddballs have always been with us, it is only within recent years that they have figured out a way to advertise their bizarre tastes on a country-wide scale. Coded sex ads in the personal columns of nationally distributed weeklies, double entendre song-requests to all night disk jockeys, and peculiarly worded letters addressed to the editors of certain newspapers are only a few of the methods in which recruiting for these way-out sex cells is accomplished. In a former exposé, the author attempted to determine the extent to which these practices had grown, and placed the following advertisement in a weekly scandal sheet which offered a package deal on a box-number and thirty words of copy: *Young couple interested in skin diving and stereo jazz invites correspondence from similar pairs. All letters answered.*

A total of 132 letters were sent to us in response. Most contained photographs of a lewd and lascivious character. We were deluged with psychosexual propositions from wife-swappers, sadists, exhibitionists, cross-dressers and a whole (Continued on page 40)

TRAPPED ON A ISLAND WITH **40** NYMPHO BRIDES

by CARL BJORNSEN

■ Wildly beating drums echoed from the beach where the gyrating bodies of forty near naked girls were silhouetted against the red glow of a roaring fire. Tied to a crude bamboo post beside it, was a writhing white man. Sweat poured down his leathery brown face as heat from the fire seared the hair off his bare chest. Grimacing, he shouted at the girls in mission English.

The girls laughed, taunting him by sensuously carving their voluptuous, copper bodies close to his. They danced toward him, swinging their hips to the fast beat of the frenzied drumbeats. Tantalizingly, they reached for their lavalavas as if about to take them. (*Continued on page 43*)



The girls had already
killed my pal, Joe Pelton
with their loving. Now
it was my turn to die!

Flinto's eyes glistened with desire as she seductively waved her hips. "Flinto wants to show you good time," she told me. "I'm yours, baby." I said. I thought of myself. Polton's got it made out here.



Anna Mensotti has the fleshy, full bodied figure that one has come to associate with the Italian female. Anna is a model, dancer and actress!



GAL FROM SORRENTO







Anna diets, but only on a limited basis. "Men like a little extra flesh," she says. And that she's got. Her measurements? 38-24-36".

GAL FROM SORRENTO



GIGI ROCHETTE AND HER FABULOUS HOUSE OF JOY

These five lusty Latin ladies opened a Bawdy House that offered sexual delicacies that could not be duplicated elsewhere. No wonder men still talk of it in blissful whispers!

by ROBERT MOORE

SHE was tall, wide-hipped, exquisitely draped in a tight, black satin evening gown. It was intermission at Chevley's, and the typically overdressed, wealthy, diamond-studded Opening Night crowd filed out to the lobby to be seen.

As the tall woman glided out too, men turned avidly to stare after her, to ask if anybody knew her. Women fumed in transparent jealousy and mention of the play was suddenly forgotten as the gorge-

ous brunette planted herself against a pillar and casually slipped off her black cape.

Revealed were two startlingly beautiful, bare shoulders, and magnificent, long, tapered hands that fumbled in a black satin purse for a cigarette. But more than anything, the men and women who studied her gaped at the fullness of her alabaster breasts protruding in the decolletage to near complete revelation. One man suddenly lunged forward.

"Permit me. (Continued on page 61)





SEX THOUGHTS



OF WOMEN-HOW YOU CAN READ THEM

BY FRANK GILLON

There are innumerable tell-tale signs by which a woman unconsciously tells a male how he's making out with her.

Learn to know these signs and you've got it made, man!

BY FRANK GILLON

"FOR SALE: New invention manufac-
tured especially for the make-out
artist. Just point the device to the
girl's direction. Indicator tells whether
she will or whether she won't.
Guaranteed results."

Read like that ever appeared in the magazines, the hustler who can't make himself a tidy fortune overnight. For there isn't a healthy, normal male alive who hasn't at some time or other in his life looked for a foolproof way of taking the guesswork out of this whole confused business of making out with a woman.

Too often the gullible male gives the big pitch to a seemingly sex-charged girl only to have her unexpectedly dodge behind an impenetrable wall of chastity or conversely, he gives scant notice to an apparently frosty miss whose core—he discovers too late, alas—burns with a white hot flame.

Well, science is hardly apt to come up with a device that measures the extent of a woman's sexual inclinations as, say, a Geiger counter measures the amount of radiation in an area. Nor is this any cause for anguish. Few men realize it, and most women would refuse to believe it—yet every female unwittingly drops a dozen clues to her secret sex thoughts on a single date!

Specifically, these clues reveal her basic attitude towards sex. They tell how masculine she thinks her date is. Most important of all, they show how far she's willing to go. In other words, for the man who has the ability to read their peculiar language, all women are walking sexual indicators.

As prominent New York psychoanalyst Victor Lamont puts it, "Everybody knows the old saw about a woman being unable to keep a secret. Well, to a sense that's true. As soon as a female patient walks into my office she tells me a little bit about her sexual self—without in the least realizing that she's done so. As we get to talking, I learn a little more. I learn it not so much by interpreting what she says, but by her mannerisms, her gestures—the way she crosses her arms or fiddles with her dress, perhaps. I assign language—and often it gives

a truer picture of her sexual personality than the words she utters."

Can the average man on a date observe some of these signs? Not only can he, says Dr. Lamont, he can even do something about the information he receives to bring the evening to a successful conclusion.

TAKE THE opening moments of a date. Say a guy named Joe calls for a girl named Mary at her home. Joe can begin assessing his chances practically the minute he steps across her threshold. Is Mary casual? Or warmly enthusiastic? Or not yet dressed? Whatever the answer, he has a ready-made clue.

If Mary is very matter-of-fact about the date; if she doesn't really seem to give a damn about it; if she's mainly interested in the place she's being taken to—then Joe clearly has grounds for worry. Her actions mean that she doesn't view the evening in a romantic light. She looks upon Joe as simply an escort—but is entirely unaware of the fact that he's a male escort who provides the possibility of some sensual excitement.

On the other hand, let's say Mary receives him warmly. She dresses attractively, is charming, makes no pretense of the fact that she's very happy to see him. This doesn't mean, of course, that Mary absolutely wants Joe to make love to her. What it does mean is that she's aware of herself as a woman, aware of him as a man, and—most important of all—not necessarily afraid of the consequences involved.

The third possibility is that Mary habitually keeps Joe waiting when he comes by to pick her up for a date. This is not only irritating, it's definitely a sign of trouble. According to Dr. Lamont, there are three main reasons why a girl makes a habit of not being ready on time: 1) she demonstrates that she wants to take the evening into her own hands; 2) she's playing hard to get; 3) she's testing Joe as a man.

Whatever her reason, Mary obviously doesn't fully accept the fact of Joe's manhood. If Joe lets her get away with this, it will only reinforce the situation, the must take. *(Continued on page 75)*

14 EASY WAYS YOUR "BEST"



That "friendly"
friday card or
crap game cost
too much? Look
for the trouble
spots right here.

FRIEND" CAN CHEAT YOU AT GAMBLING

■ The 1962 Los Angeles convention of the P---- Insurance Company was a dull affair. Eugene Davis, a salesman from Omaha, listened to speeches and stared from his hotel window at the rolling California hills until he thought he would crack from boredom.

Finally one of the other visiting salesmen suggested a little friendly poker. Davis was enthusiastic. Why not? Back in Omaha he played low-stake poker on Friday nights and he usually did pretty well; besides, he had come to L.A. with a thousand dollar bonus check that was burning a hole in his pocket. The game got going in his room just after lunch, with a quart bottle of bourbon in the center of the table.

The stakes were a little higher than Davis was used to and it was a tough game, pot limit. Somehow, whenever he held a flush, the other players folded. Whenever he held a straight and bet it hard, someone else raised him and laid down a flush to win.

By breakfast the following morning, an exhausted Eugene Davis had lost all the cash he carried, plus his bonus check, and had signed L.O.U.'s for an additional seven hundred dollars. In the afternoon he drove his rented car north of the city over the dangerous Ridge Route, and on a particularly sharp curve rocketed off the road into a jagged culvert one hundred feet below.

Autopsy by the county coroner revealed the alcoholic content of his blood high enough to classify him as "intoxicated." Deputy-Sheriff Michael Musciano of L.A. County checked on the

—side's activities over the previous 28 hours. He soon discovered that Davis had been in a poker game. Investigation soon revealed a fact not entirely surprising to Rossano. The cards used in the "friendly" poker game had been marked.

EUGENE DAVID was a victim — in the most extreme way — of a racket that flourishes in this country to an extent that is almost hard to believe. It's not a racket that's run by a Chicago syndicate, it's not organized by the Mafia, and no man in it has yet to become a millionaire. But it's so prevalent that law enforcement officials in the United States are at their wit's end in dealing with it. Precisely because it's small-time, and anyone with a little honesty in his blood can work at it, the police are stymied. That racket is petty crooked gambling — and the latest unofficial estimate of its take throughout the fifty states is seventy million dollars a year profit for the gamblers. Sound like small change any more? You bet it isn't!

It operates in every walk of life; its agents and profiteers are salesmen, businessmen, doctors, and even lawyers, professionals, semi-professionals and amateurs; its methods are the "friendly" poker and blackjack sessions, the "spontaneous" crap game and the pocket or miniature roulette wheel. And its victims are men — and women — in the millions. One of them could have been — and still could be — you.

How does it operate? How can the average man — who isn't really addicted to gambling but enjoys a little Friday night sport with the boys — lose fifty dollars in a crooked game? What should he watch out for? And, more important, how can he turn the tables on those who see out to fleece him?

Let's consider the three major forms of petty gambling: dice, roulette and poker.

CRAZ-SHOOTING, which originally was a native custom in South America, is the most popular game at Las Vegas casinos and of that far-flung city's many lures, offers the best odds to the betting public. In organized gambling, however, best means least here. You're still getting less than the mathematical chance demands. All the more reason, therefore, to take advantage of a private game at a friend's house, where the odds reflect the true nature of probability. True? Yes — if you're an expert at spotting a pair of crooked dice.

The most common form of crooked dice are loaded. Of intricate construction (though, un-

fortunately, you can buy them at most novelty and game stores), they have a hollow chamber under each side. All the chambers connect and one of them contains mercury.

The player in the know — usually the "host" of the game — holds the dice with the desired side up, then taps the cubes before he rolls them. The mercury obligingly drops into the bottom chamber and up comes seven or eleven or whatever point he needs to make in order to win your money. Another quick light tap flips the mercury into the central chamber, so that the dice don't regurgitate themselves and arouse suspicion.

But, you say, the dice you've played with are transparent! If they were loaded, you'd easily spot the mercury.

Indeed you would, but you could still be outclipped for a weekly paycheck. Transparent dice are rigged by boring out the spots on one side to the depth of 1/50th of an inch. The hollow is then filled with lead or platinum and the spot repainted. These dice can't be fished on each roll, and they're not perfect, but the player who puts them in the game knows damn well which numbers will predominate and he bets accordingly.

The easiest way to detect any pair of loaded dice is simply to drop them a few times into a glass of cold water. As they sink, they'll repeatedly end up with the loaded sides down. If you do think you may not be very popular with the petty crooks who've brought the bones along for a killing, but anyone who wants to be both popular and a winner would do better to take up knitting.

Other methods of dice-rigging are less subtle but often just as effective. Some ~~aspects~~ of the crap table use collusion, a colorless liquid which they paint on certain sides of the dice just before the game starts. When the dice are held tightly in a closed fist, the host makes the painted sides slightly sticky. Then the dice are rolled — always on a rug or similar surface — and the sticky sides usually land face down.

When a pair of dice lie on the table, only three sides can be seen at one time by any given player. This was noticed as far back as 1867 by a Dodge City gambler named Horace Gore, and he is generally credited with the invention of mis-spotted dice. Gore's dice (as they're called by professionals) were fashioned with just three numbers 1, 3 and 6 on one die; 3, 4 and 5 on the other. They could roll only 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10 and 11. So the shooter can't crap out with

(Continued on page 30)





SCANDINAVIAN SCORCHER

23-year-old Kristin has the cool yet sensual quality which marks her as future "big time". She stands 5'4" and curves out to a ripe 36-22-35".

BLOODY TEETH OF DOOM

The wildcats had me down on
my back, their fangs sunk in my
face, their claws in my chest!

by JIM MELTON

INCONGRUOUS thoughts raced through my mind as I heard the sudden, effusive howling of a pack of wildcats down near Mrs. Linders' deer stand. I had a hunch what it was that brought the cats. I thought, *Damn I gotta get that dame out of her duds fast!*

The sharp crack of her 30-30 echoed in the timberline like autumn thunder. She fired all six shots. Then she was screaming and I was taking off down the wet ledge rocks like a greased rabbit. I had visions of that sexy blonde getting all chewed to hell and me getting blamed for neglect. The louder she screamed, the faster I slid.

Brambles and alders whiplashed my face as I slid and rolled down the jagged talus slope where we were hunting that morning. *They'll take your license; they'll fry you in oil, Melton, if that dame gets killed—hurry up!* She was a good two hundred feet below me. And losing her sanity, beauty and blood with each savage rush. I saw her briefly, a flurry of yellow hair and sheeting blood mixed in with a pack of slashing wildcats.

I didn't dare fire; I cut my hands to blood and tore the seat out of my hunting britches, but I yelled loud enough for the dead to hear me. I yelled:

"Take off your clothes! For God's sake, woman, take 'em off!"

IT was 3 P.M., November 18, 1966. The New Brunswick hunting season was in full bloom. Trouble was the deer didn't know it. The weather was warm and the bucks weren't in rut, and consequently a man had to beat the swamps and high spots to holy sweat before he spooked out anything. But this date with the Linders, Mike and Lillian, was set up three months before and I was to guide them come what may. The pay was good, and when I took my first look at the big, stacked blonde she alighted from the Trans Canada job at Moncton, I figured that the duty was, too.

The one piece of business I didn't figure (Continued on page 64)

Shrieking, we whirled about like dervishes trying to throw the cats off. "Take off your clothes!" I yelled. She ripped off her blouse. A cat sprang at her breast.





The All Girl Gang That Needed Men Almost As Much As



Best
role
cus-
the

The savage Hatlo sisters never pulled a hold-up without stripping and then raping their helpless male victims!

As ch As Money



Bessie Hatlo put on quite a show in her role of the outraged girl. "You dare to accuse us of these terrible robberies, of those other awful, unmentionable things."

by A. J. LESIER

SHERIFF HOLLAND was mad. He stalked across the office and grabbed the phone out of the deputy's hands. "Listen, Mayor Jacks!" the sheriff snarled. "We're doing all that's humanly possible to stop those girls—nobody could do more than us—"

Holland bit off his words disgustedly. Leaning against the wall eyes closed, he nodded in pain as the mayor rubbed it in. The tiny garble of vitriol reached out through the receiver clear across the room where the deputy, drinking coffee, pretended not to be listening. The deputy fought a smile so hard it hurt.

"Of course it's the same bunch!" Holland finally sputtered. "How do I know? Goddammit, man—all the signs are there. Undressed victims, robbery, never a gunshot. Ain't that enough? (Continued on page 51)

WIFE SWAPPING

(Continued from page 31)

catalogue of assorted nuts and bolts whence patterns of sex gratification required some sick variety of sophistication. At the time, we were not aware that certain business-minded bucketers compiled lists of sex clubs and simplified the problem of arranging contacts between birds of a particular feather.

Achieving eligibility for a listing in this septicose Who's Who is simple enough. The Pennsylvania organization simply keeps in close touch with the leaders of mail-order sex clubs across the country, and is informed of summing annual events.

Application for a catalogue of this type, we were assured by our attorney, was not to be advised. "Laws can start trouble," he said, "even though your inquiry would be for purely research purposes."

The trouble is formidable. Lists can be the basis for both blackmail and investigation. Only a sinner would be foolish enough to put his real name down on paper, so we gave up the idea of sending for a list via the usual channels.

We explained the nature of our problem to the attorney.

"I'll see what I can come up with," the lawyer promised.

A random advertisement in the lonely hearts column of a sex and sensation weekly newspaper relieved the attorney of this knotty responsibility. As we looked over the current crop of subtle "sex wanted" ads, we found this one wedged between two jewels which are here permitted to glint so that it may be appreciated in its proper setting. The first was a sensitive person, which, if set to music, would make a great singing commercial.

She's one-score-and-twenty. He's five
again.

He likes girls and she likes men.
We, as other men and women,
Have strong desires for zestful living.
And who knows—Yankee-doodle-doo!

The other ad was a verse polished with the spiss dust of the minute ago.

If you would enter to the mount,
Write this couple very soon.
If your pictures don't too bad,
We will launch you from our pad.

It was the third ad, sandwiched in between those two which solved our problem. It ran as follows:

Married suburban area. Seek other couples' friends varied interests, lusty, lecherous, pleasure near our own. Publicity abh. No letters or pictures necessary, but phone indispensable.

"Well," said our attorney friend, "if you like, give it a whirl. But remember: Under the law, a husband can be found guilty of violating the Mann Act if he transports his wife to such a party in another state."

"Suppose we don't know what kind of a party it is," we suggested.

"That's still an offense," said the lawyer, "but you could probably get off on a suspended sentence. We could approach it from that angle."

Our reply to the indicated law partner

brought with the ad contrasted one line. We gave our phone number and the words, "call after five," signed "Rick and Gail."

It was five days later that the telephone rang and our adventure began.

The voice on the other end of the line was deep and hearty.

"Rick?" he asked. "I nearly didn't call You didn't put down no last name."

"It's Brady," I improvised. "I have an enemy by that name." I wondered what he say to this guy. How does one make small talk with a sex hook?

"How's Gail?" he asked, his voice like but twice as thick.

"Racing to go," I answered.

He told me to call him Harry. His wife's name was Irene, and she wanted to talk with me, he said. I found myself listening to a nervous whisky connoisseur who nearly melted the receiver. "Rick, boy?" he asked. "Or is it a bay-Rick Nah-hah. You can tell I was raised on a farm. Do you come if they call you Dick?"

"It depends on who calls me," I said.

She laughed. "I like you," she said throatily. "I like you fine. And I'm going to prove it to you, Friday night. You kids coming to our little party Friday night?"

Harry, she said, would give me the details. There'd be all kinds of playthings there. Real trut and timid swingers. Only two new couples.

When Harry took over, he demanded to talk with Gail. He had a stinkin' list of patter that started with a bad joke about one man's nose and ended with a lewd allusion to the twin. "You got spikes and black stockings, kid?" he asked her finally.

"Wear them all the time," she said. "Even in the shower."

His voice got husky. "Bring 'em along," he said. "You're for me, bud."

I took the phone to wear down the doubts. The party was to be held in a motel, just outside of Westport, Connecticut. It was to be a two-cabin deal. The first cabin was for Irene, and the second, a full dress restaurant. Before we signed off, I asked him the logical question.

"How do we know this deal is on the up and up?" I asked him. "How can I be sure we aren't walking into a pinch?"

His answer came fast and it would have been impossible not to catch the note of animal culling in his voice.

"We've both taking chances," he said. "How do I know for sure your name is really Rick Brady?"

Patron was four days away. As the time ticked off, we became more and more apprehensive about the rendezvous. We made jokes about practicing up on karate, talked about designing a steel and nylon chastity belt and tried to picture the mysterious Harry and Irene. Try as we might, we were unable to come up with any pre-occupation of them. They were demurely veined, and we just couldn't square up the shapes to which the voices belonged. Their psychosocial paramonies, on the other hand, were easier to figure.

Harry, in all probability, was what is known as a skin fetishist, and the pattern

of his sexual gratification was in some way connected with the sight, the feel, or the concept of a woman's spike-heeled shoe.

Shoe fetishism, we found out, is a much commoner sexual abnormality than the average person would believe. The very young child begins to associate a high-heeled shoe with female maturity when he sees mama, auntie and grandmama in their spikes. Trouble starts when the person becomes more interested in the shoe than the woman in it. The shoe then becomes a symbol of all the desirability and beauty of the female sex.

The habit of getting hot and bothered over a pair of high-heeled shoes is not so world shaking. However, put that trait together with masochism and you've got a bubbling brew. The masochist gets his pleasure either from actual pain or by playing "slave" to anyone he picks to be his "master." The person who combines these two sexual abnormalities will not only that "the shoe be on the other foot" where he can gaze at, worship, and touch it, but that it be used on him physically in some sadistic, punishing manner.

We leaned at our end-of-end sofa when we got her kicks by trapping her husband with four-inch spikes. Harry would probably be content to hurry right home to his loving wife after a hard day at the office. But since he was making telephone calls to recruit new partners, chances were that Irene was ready to deliver.

"Gail," figured it this way: Irene, feeling inadequate to what her husband demanded, had begun to hit the bottle. In an effort to prove that she had something worth giving, she gave it away whenever she could. The pickup up in Connecticut gave dad Harry with a chance to find some gal who might know exactly what to do with her shoes, and gave us the reassurance that there were still other guys around.

Because we left for Connecticut, on Friday night, we had another talk with our attorney friend. He insisted upon our taking several precautions. We were to call him at his Worcester home by 1:30 on Saturday morning. If he didn't hear from us by that time, he would make arrangements to have us called for by several of his competent if musclebound friends. Also, he cautioned me against carrying in my wallet any identification other than the name which I had assumed for the night. All other credentials were to be securely locked in my car. In parting, he gave me a newspaper clipping which he had taken some pains to locate. It was an account of the trial of Lorraine Clark in Amherstbury, Mass., on charges of murder which resulted in one of the most lurid exposés of wife-swapping ever to hit the nation's headlines.

"Take it easy, lover-boy," he said in parting. "And when you're done reading that thing, pass it on to Gail."

We drove to Connecticut at a rammed car, another suggestion of the attorney's. The motel was easy to find. It was 9:30 when we knocked three times on the door of the last cabin to the left. There were some muffled and shuffling on the other

side of the threshold before a familiar, oily voice called out "Yeah!"

"Rick and Gail," I said, knowing it sounded like the name of the second act at the Paladium in the old two-a-day years.

The door opened slowly and behind the big guy who looked out at us, I could hear voices through the reek of cigarette smoke, bourbon and perfume.

"Playmates," the guy said. "Come on in, get it out of the cold."

"Gail" gripped my arm and we took the fateful step. In the light, we saw that Harry was nothing at all like either of us could have imagined. He was big and heavy muscled. I judged him to be about 33 years old. He wrung my hand and lifted Gail off the floor by her elbows. "You don't weigh nothin'," he said letting her down so that her body brushed against him. "You don't weigh nothin' at all."

Besides Harry and ourselves, there were six guests in the cabin. Most of them had drinks. They were sitting around on the divans, club-chairs, and the floor. Smiling woodenly, I looked them over, knowing by some instinct that Irene wasn't there.

Harry was wearing a short sleeved shirt and slacks. The sleeves were rolled up even shorter over his biceps, and I would have gambled that he had fluffed up the hair on his chest. With so much show of masculine virility, I rightly guessed that he carried a hidden burden of agonizing impotence. Gail was safe as long as she kept from trampling him with her two-inch heels.

"I'll just give you first names," Harry said as he took me around. "Don't ask who's with who. I don't make no difference."

On the whole, they were not unattractive people. Two of the women could have passed in any crowd. The other was an absolute dog. The men looked pretty average, I would say. One blond guy who gave his name as Tom, held up a zippo when he saw that I was carrying an unlighted cigarette. I told him thanks, and noted that he had long slender fingers.

"You play the fiddle?" I asked, seeing he had the hands for it.

There was a touch of hysteria in his laughter. "Nah," he said. "I'm a cork-sticker in a bottle factory."

I turned my attention to the dog. She was a fat pyramid who looked like a walking stack of treadmire tires. I don't think she could have been more than twenty-three. A loose cascade of mouse-colored hair hung down to her shoulders. She patted the place beside her with a dimpled hand. I sat down, noting that it was with obvious reluctance that she drew her hand away. Her name was Gwenn, she said. "With two eems, like a weak. You like 'em fat, but?"

In my peculiarly turned mind, I had a vision of a particularly chubby boa-constrictor squeezing the hell out of case-lot piles of Metrecal.

"I love 'em fat," I said.

She picked up my hand and kissed it with a warm, wet hunger that made me feel damp and naked.

"I was an unloved child," Gwenn told

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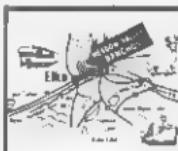
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me. "But now it's different. A whole new life opened for me when I discovered sex."

Reflecting, inwardly, that with her monumental curves such a discovery must have been a triumph of navigation, I turned to accept a drink from a beautiful broad whose 36-25-36 shape was flawed only when one topped it with her rather common face and her too artificially tinted hair.

"And you discovered sex, too?" I asked.
She grinned. " Nope," she said. "I'm just built for it, is all."

I glanced frankly over the rim of my glass at the swelling globes of her breasts. I figured I might as well get into the spirit of the thing—if I didn't want to show up as a phony. "Are those things real?" I asked her archly.

Evidently this was a familiar gambit. She winked. "Except for the brassiere," she said, "they are absolutely genuine."

Gail was having her hands full with our host. She was sitting in a club chair, and he had plunked himself down \square her feet, talking earnestly, and stroking her shoes with his fingers. She was safe as long as she kept from stamping on his hands.

ONE OF THE OTHER GUYS CAME OVER FOR the redhead. He was in his late twenties or early thirties I pegged him for a dance instructor, and it turned out I was right. He certainly knew his way around women. "What you brought is all right," he said to me. I saw he was looking at my wife. "What's the kid's name?"

When I told him, he whistled. "Gail, boy," he said. "That's okay. When Harry's done, I want her. I'll bet that broad could blow up something of a storm."

TWO DRINKS LATER, I HAD THE REDHEAD TO myself and we were discussing, of all things, the relative virtues of foam mattresses over the spring-stuffed kind. Lots had happened. From time to time, the blond guy, Tommy, would pace the rug, glaring at the door like a caged tiger. I didn't get it. The monumental dog had twisted into the john in the company of the slick-haired dance instructor Gail,

some too happy about it, had posed standing on a chair with her skirt above her knees while our host snapped pictures of her shoes and legs with a fancy-dan polaroid camera. In a corner, listening to party records on a portable phonograph, was a couple I never got to meet. Only on rare occasions did they come up for air I could hardly tell where one ended and the other began. Their exhibitionist necking was of course a clue to the peculiar variety of maggot which gnawed at their brains. Every once in awhile, they would shush us so that particular songs on the party-records would not \square lost in their corner.

THE REDHEAD, by a process of elimination, belonged to the male dance instructor, who had, by now, untwisted himself from the john. She paid no attention to him at all, preferring to hold forth with me on the subject of mattresses. She liked old fashioned beds better than the new style, hollywood kind. With a footboard, she claimed, you got a little leverage.

Someone started to circulate a sheaf of pornographic pictures. The redhead coyly covered her eyes with her hands. "I don't want to see you looking at the ones of me," she said. "They're awful naughty."

IT WAS THE UNDERSTATEMENT OF THE EVENING. Not that my girlfriend had any real cause for concern. I would not have recognized her from the photographs. There was much too much else to see.

IT WAS ALMOST A QUARTER OF TWELVE BEFORE SOMEONE RATTLED THE CABIN'S DOOR KNOB. The blond guy, Tom, ran to the door and literally wrenched it open. Standing in the doorway, wearing a man's trenchcoat and open-toed sandals was one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen. She had blue-black hair and large, widely spaced eyes. Her skin was like marble.

"You bitch!" Tom glowered at her. "What have you been doing to Charles?" In his anger, Tom's lip slipped up several octaves, making \square difficult for even a good soprano to compete.

She smiled at him with pursed and tantalizing lips.

"What you never could, Buster," she said in her whiskey contralto voice. "What you certainly never could."

She looked beyond him, her eyes moving around the room. She looked \square Gail. Then, finally, her eyes fixed on me. This, I knew, was Irene. She raised her arms, and the unbuckled trenchcoat opened.

TALK ABOUT YOUR SILVER LININGS. Beneath the coat, this absolutely beautiful woman was as bare as \square night on Bald Mountain.

I HAD FOUR DRINKS IN ME. "It's you," she said to me in her throaty bedroom voice.

She kissed me so that I still feel it—now and then. She kissed me as though she had never kissed anyone before in her life, but had been planning to for years and years. Feeling her stirring and snuggling in my arms, I could very well have forgotten all about research. But there was Gail, \square course, and, besides I didn't get the chance.

THE BLOND BOY WENT OUT TO THE CABIN and came back with a nondescript bruiser of a man who answered to the name of Charles. He didn't seem to go with the

sound of his name.

BEFORE I COULD TURN TO Irene again, my dear wife grabbed my arm.

"Which is the cabin?" she asked, in as torrid a voice as she could manage. "We want to be next."

Irene studied her face. "You've got him all the time, hon," she said. "Why hog him now?"

There were storm warnings in Gail's eyes. "The first time is always for me," she said. "We like it that way. When we're done, I'll come and call for you."

There were words, and there was some confused shouting, but Gail kept beckoning toward the door. Finally we were outside, and the closing door ate up the square of light. The little woman steered me to where we had left the rented car. When she spoke, it was in a squeaky imitation of our hostess' sexy voice.

"Okay, you gorgeous hot-rodder," Baby said. "It's ready and waiting. Warm up the engine, hon, and see if you can tool it home."

We stopped on the highway to call our lawyer friend.

"We're safe," I said. "I'll talk to you tomorrow."

"And were they for real?" he asked.

He was talking about the sex kooks, but I was thinking of something else. "For absolute, positive real," I think I said.

ON THE WAY HOME, when my wife finally simmered down, we wondered if we shouldn't have slammed the book closed instead of merely walking out of its pages. We might have turned Harry and his party in. But we didn't. That's one blast of the whistle I couldn't bring myself to blow. The arresting of wife-swapping sex kooks \square not the purpose of our project.

WHAT MATTERS IS THAT THESE SEX KOOKS ARE FOR REAL. Maybe there is a greater number of the out-and-out mail-order variety who get their kicks just by writing letters and licking postage stamps. But we had learned at first hand that there is also the kind who would manage to get together even if they couldn't spell a word.

AT ONE SAMPLE GATHERING WE HAD SPOTTED SOEURISERS, WHO ATTAIN THEIR SEXUAL PLEASURE FROM VISUAL SITUATIONS; EXHIBITIONISTS, WHO SEEK GRATIFICATION THROUGH PUBLIC DISPLAY; A MASOCIST, FOR WHOM THERE IS NO SEX WITHOUT PAIN; HOMOSEXUALS; AND A VARIETY OF SEX-FOR-KICKS ENTHUSIASTS WHO CAME ALONG FOR THE RIDE.

THEY ARE NO DOUBT THAT SUCH PRACTICES AS WE WITNESSED IN CONNECTICUT ARE BECOMING MORE AND MORE PREVALENT ALL ACROSS THE COUNTRY. THERE ARE HARRYS AND IRENEs WHO HEAD UP SEX-CLUBS IN EACH OF THE FIFTY STATES. THE SO-CALLED LEISURE EXPLOSION, MARITAL DISSATISFACTION, SUBURBAN BOREDOM AND THE MYRIAD PRESSURES OF THE NUCLEAR AGE ARE EACH, TO THEIR OWN DEGREE, REASONABLE FOR UNDERCUTTING THE EXISTING STRUCTURE OF AMERICAN MORALITY.

THE CELLS OF SEXOPATHIC KOOKDOM ARE SPREADING LIKE A MALIGNANT CANCER, AND THE FIBER OF A NATION IS UNDER SERIOUS THREAT. UNFORTUNATELY, THE OFFICIAL MACHINERY TO COPE WITH THIS POTENT CAUSE FOR ALARM IS SLOW TO GET STARTED. BY THE TIME EFFICIENT MEASURES ARE ADOTTED TO COMBAT THIS THREAT, THE EVIL MAY WELL BE OUT OF HAND.

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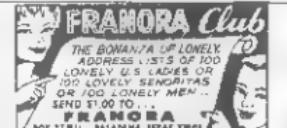
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TRAIT RESPONSE INDEX
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to me. Several of them refused to be pushed out of the way. They seemed to be the leaders. One, Finta, who'd been at the pier, was particularly aggressive. Her face was flushed, her eyes glistened seductively as she sat at my feet caressing my thighs with her long finger tips.

"Finta want to show you good time." Peiton was seated in a chair opposite me. One of the girls sat on his lap. He jumped up suddenly, as if irritated beyond endurance, dumping her to the floor, and stamped out of the room angrily.

"For God's sake, leave me alone! Leave me alone!"

According to Spratty standards, the night was young. Before it was over, I knew, intimately, five of the island beauties. Pale green streaks of dawn slanted over the coconut trees when I fell into a deep sleep on the second floor of Peiton's ranch. I didn't know where he was, nor did I care.

When I awoke and went downstairs later in the morning, my host was having breakfast.

"How do you like Spratty?" he grinned.

"Like it? I love it!" I sank into a deep chair and lit a cigarette.

"Have you any idea how many children you have?" I asked Peiton bluntly. "Must've run into the hundreds during the last twelve years."

"I used to keep track of them, but in the last few years I can't seem to concentrate on anything," Peiton frowned. "I can't stand these damn women another minute, but I can't get rid 'em."

"Can't you ship them to the mainland?"

"I thought of that, Bjornsen. But it seems that according to their island customs, I'm married to the lot of 'em."

"You mean all 40 of those girls consider you their husband?"

"That's it, old buddy," he grinned weakly. "Any ideas?"

"Yeah—I think you're crazy. I know a million men who'd give anything to be in your shoes!"

He shook his head sadly.

"I felt like that—at first."

"Aren't there any other men around?" I asked.

"Sure. But they're not considered marriageable according to island standards. The girls have chosen me."

"Let's tell the girls I'm going to take your place. I'll stick around for a while, then if you still feel like leaving, we can go together. How's that?"

The idea seemed to cheer him temporarily but he soon fell back into the deep depression.

my romancing Peiton's 40 wives. By early evening I was high on the wine.

"Listen everybody," I shouted drunkenly. "Coconut Joe's tired. Why not leave him alone and give me a chance?" I spread my arms wide. "I love you, all of you. Let's play house!"

I've never stopped regretting those words. It seems that the Malayan word for husband is almost the same as the ancient English word for house.

Shrieking wildly, the girls danced around me. It seemed as if they all sprang on me at once. I embraced as many of them as I could before I fell into a sleep that was more like a stupor. When I awoke, I heard the sound of rapidly beating drums. From over the tree tops, bright red light flickered higher and higher. I could hear Peiton screaming:

"For God's sake, Bjornsen. Help me! Get me out of this!"

The words became unintelligible as they blended into an animal-like howl of pain. I started to jump up but one of the girls stopped me. It was Annu.

"Better this way. We marry you when Coconut Joe dead. Not make island gods angry."

I pushed her aside and started to race for the beach where the flames cascaded higher. Suddenly a mob of Spratty girls seized me and held me like a trap of sullen ropes. They trussed me like a turkey and carried me to what they called the wedding house.

"But dammit," I raged, "you're supposed to be Christians. How can you stand by and see a man killed?"

"Us Christians, yes," Annu smiled benignly. "But not at mission now. This is island and not good to make gods mad!"

I lay helplessly on the divan where they placed me, a pillow over my face. By tossing and turning my head, I managed to shove the pillow off the floor so that I could at least see. I wished I couldn't. Through the small rectangle of open window I saw my friend tied securely to a bamboo pole. His body was a mass of burns and sores where the girls had stuck him with flaming sticks. When the wind from the sea blew out the fires on the end of the sharp sticks, they re-lit them in the blazing fire beside Coconut Joe's body, now beginning to shine like a cooked lobster. His eyes bulged out of his head and his face was a mask of agony. His screaming had become a low, inhuman growl and I realized sickly that Peiton was being tortured to the point of madness.

I turned to Annu pleadingly:

"Where are the plantation workers? They'll put a stop to this murder."

Fortunately for me, she completely misunderstood my meaning.

"No worry. We get rid of them with drug from hiru seed. Deep sleep keep them for long time. Nothing stop wedding, don't you worry?"

The buxom 17-year-old began to rub my chest with oil from a big bottle. An other girl massaged my feet, preparatory to fastening on my wedding sandals. I took a wild chance, my only one

"Annu, I'm missing all the fun." I made an obscene gesture with my mouth. "Untie me so that I can sit up in a chair."

The girls looked at each other. I grimaced at them lewdly. Giggling, they untied my bonds.

Pounding desperately around the small, flower-decked room, I was aware that if something was to be done, it would have to be now. There were no weapons on the wall—only a garish red and black painted mask hung in an alcove on the beach was approaching its zenith over a crude altar.

Annu's back was turned as she pulled at the shade. The girl at my feet was bent low, fastening the last thong of the sandal.

Abruptly, I reached for the heavy, three quart bottle of oil, lifted it high, then let it drop on the wooden floor of the hut. Neither of the girls saw me do it.

"What the hell happened?" I asked as they swung around in alarm. I stared down at the jagged chunks of broken glass in the middle of a pool of heavy oil.

"The gods must be very angry!" I gasped in feigned amazement.

Both girls jumped back in terror, their eyes dilated with fear.

"Look!" I shouted, pointing in back of them. "The gods are here! The shadows are—"

Before I could complete the trick, the terrified native girls dashed out of the hut. Grabbing the mask from the wall, I put it over my face. Picking up an enormous piece of thick, pointed glass, as I raced after them, I could see Coconut Joe being lifted toward the fire, still tied to the post of bamboo. The girls ran toward the macabre scene, shrieking in terror.

All action on the beach came to a



"The natives seem restless tonight!"

THAT AFTERNOON—against my wishes—the whole damn mess of girls carried me on their shoulders to a clearing in the center of the tiny island. After they lashed their *lavalavas* onto the nearest trees, we drank cooled hibiscus wine from dried melon gourds and chased each other through the shadowy glades of tropical flowers. In a moss-lined cave I continued

sharp hilt, while the girls listened to Anna's hysterical account of the "floating" oil bottle. Suddenly they saw me running toward them.

The weird mask covered my face entirely as I dashed at Finta and the four girls who were about to pitch Pelton into the flames. I'd never fought women before, but these creatures didn't seem like women as they prepared to finish off their erstwhile husband. Without hesitation, I jabbed the jagged edge of the glass into Finta's neck. Blood spurted down her body in a red sheet. I stuck another girl in the back as she ran. I knew it was the mask that they feared.

Pelton's wives thought I was some kind of a damned island god! Yelling in unspeakable terror, they dropped Pelton beside the fire, and raced into the jungle. Finta ran with them, but collapsed in the edge of the clearing. In seconds, I was alone with the dying man. Realizing that the mask must have represented an island god, I tied on tightly and quickly freed what was left of my friend.

His skin was a mass of burns and sores. Red welts covered his chest and lower body. His buttocks looked as if they'd been beaten with a razor. A jumble of slurred words poured from his charred lips. I expected the blood-thirsty girls would return and finish us both. They didn't. They never even came back for Finta's body.

The next five days proved a nightmare of uncertainty, wondering if the wild women would come back, and trying desperately to save Pelton without

the needed knowledge or drugs. We never moved from the beach. I could sense the awe-struck girls peering at me through the dense underbrush, but I never saw them. I hoped against hope that the dilapidated old steamer, due on July 30th, would be in time.

When it hove into sight late in the afternoon of that day, I rushed down to the dock. Not daring to remove the mask for a second, I still wore it. I thought the captain would back the rotting steamer off the pier and go back to Shantang when he spotted my bizarre masquerade. I finally made him understand the emergency. He sent three men back with me for Pelton, now comatose, and we sailed immediately.

"Get me the hell out of here!" I blustered to the half-breed captain. "I've had enough of women and islands to last me a lifetime!"

"Yeah, I know what you mean!" he sighed. "I've heard it before!"

As the ship left the island, I threw the mask that saved my life into the smooth, green water, and watched it slowly sink. Early that evening, Joe Pelton died without once regaining consciousness. He was buried at sea.

I went back to the States on borrowed money, landed in San Francisco, and resumed drinking. After my first few martinis, I saw the gruesome spectacle of my friend's slow death passing before me in all its gaudy horror.

Never touched a drop since. Pelton's death was bad enough once. I couldn't take it repeatedly.

NAZI RAPE

(Continued from page 19)

sidekick and loaded shipmate on the left flank howled jubilantly, "Got 'em lined, Lieutenant O'Rourke!"

Abruptly, the tide seemed to swing the other way. The sight of flaming doom was the flash of a German fuselage soaring past my vision on route to blasting at the plaxiglass nose of our ship. She seemed to jerk erratically in mid-air. The entire frame shuddered. She coughed flames from the two left motors and suddenly, Lt. Colonel Johnson in that calm, almost stoical way in his droning:

"All right, you guys. Let's go. This bucket's had it. Bail out."

I couldn't believe it.

We made so many major missions, nobody thought the *Suz* would ever get it! She was invincible, indestructible—so we'd told ourselves, me and every other sonuvabitch around. So it came to pass that our B-24 began to die, and it came fast.

Almost simultaneously with the order to bail out the three men nearest my battle station yelled that they were hit. I couldn't tell how badly, but for the sudden sensation of some of the guns falling off. At the same moment, there was a shattering crash forward. I dropped the 50's and staggered forward. Some of the men forward—those still alive—were dropping through the bomb bay. In the companionway, one man was stretched

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out with his head blown off and his right leg twisted under him at a grotesque angle.

I kept staggering forward, slipping in the blood that washed back toward my position. Then, in a maelstrom of jumping, pushing bodies, I plunged through the bay and hurtled through the ground. I only remember falling and the sensation that the German fighters were shooting at me, but I blacked out and somehow they missed clean. The others, they didn't miss. Either they were gunned in mid-air, or they rode the *Smz* all the way down.

All hands, but one—why, I just couldn't figure. God probably did, though . . .

IT WAS STILL dark when I came out of my bumpy fog. The face of a French girl peered down at me sympathetically. Yet over one shoulder was suspended a rifle and the other a bandoleer of bullets. The other people were obviously male and female French farmers, I dazedly judged from their clothes. They were talking tensely, whispering what the hell to do with me now that I suddenly turned up no corpse. The girl was young, beautiful and really stacked.

She said softly, "Do you think you can move, flier?"

"I think so, baby," I groaned. "You an angel?"

"Not quite!" she smiled. I noticed only a faint trace of an accent, though the rest of her was pure as the driven snow.

"How come you party English so well—speak it, I mean?"

"No questions, please. They will be here in a minute."

She broke into rapid French. Then the rest of them helped me to my feet. I took on board and the lights went out. I woke up again, sometime in the middle of the night, and the girl was there bathing my face with a rag. She wore no guns this time. The others were gone.

"W-where am I?"

"Cathedral. You'll be all right in the morning. Shock."

"Yeah," I closed my eyes. "Yeah, I remember now. The Krauts."

"The Krauts!" she spat venomously. "Cochon!"

I felt the blood circulating as it hadn't done before—the life moving back into me. Abruptly, I sat up and looked around.

"Your friends? Where are they?"

"On the farm. You are in a cellar, a place for the storage of vegetables. We hid you here. I am Francine Boudette; I represent the local Macqui in this area." "You?" I asked incredulously. "Just one girl?"

"No," she smiled indulgently. "Everybody is a part of the Macqui, more or less. This zone here is my home. The people who rescued you are my immediate family."

I said nothing. She held up both hands and extended her fingers twice.

"Twenty," she nodded. "I have personally killed twenty, one way or the other."

She fascinated me. I gave her my vital statistics and after a while asked how the devil she thought I was going to get back to my base. She said leave it to her; tomorrow we move. But in that second, the full impact of what had happened hit me

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ALL GIRL GANG

(Continued from page 39)

for you? Aren't you convinced?" Holland settled down to another long listen. Finally the garble trailed off and there was a dead receiver. The sheriff sneered at the phone and slammed it back on the hook. Holland was a big man and he prided himself on his patience, but this was a little too much even for him. His face, the color of a Montana winessap, stayed the same shade of red even as he flopped back in his swivel chair and began pounding his massive fist helplessly against the desk top.

"Why the hell can't I have an ordinary badman—a kidnapper—a hoss thief—anything! Je-sus! Women bandits, I need!"

Deputy Bankhead, a sympathetic, smart soul, kept his mouth shut. He boiled up a pot of fresh coffee and fried six eggs. He took the perplexed sheriff's mind off his troubles, for a time, but before the eggs were gone within the hour the phone rang again.

Bankhead grabbed it. Suddenly he was choking, turning and waving to the sheriff.

"A w-woman, sheriff! Says you're lookin' for her!"

"Holland!" the sheriff announced. "Who is this? Goddammit, sister, when I get my hands on you I'll—"

Sheriff Holland stared at the receiver. Then he jiggled the hook. Then he wheeled and rushed across the office to the gun rack. Deputy Bankhead was a close second as the sheriff of Billings opened the office door. As the two men started to climb on their horses, the deputy couldn't contain himself any longer.

"Dang it, Jim!" He grabbed the star-man. "What's that gal say?"

Holland blushed, stammered and finally blurted out:

"She said she kicked better men than me out of her bed. Anymore goddamned questions, Bankhead?"

"Just one, sheriff. She say where she was callin' from?" The deputy frowned. "I thought I heard her say from Cripple Creek."

"That's right," Holland leaned into his saddle. "She and her girl friends just knocked over the Pride & Hammond Bank . . ."

In Cripple Creek, a trim, good-looking ash blonde who was dressed in jeans calmly stalked through the lobby of the Richards Hotel. A dozen men watched the blonde swivel-hip toward the front door, pulling it open like the door was an Easter hat, all smiles, the brace of 45 Colts on her thighs wiggling rhythmically as she moved. Bessie Hatio filled out a blouse the way she filled a tight pair of jeans, and her big brown bedroom eyes made it unanimous.

It was May 7, 1908. Women who

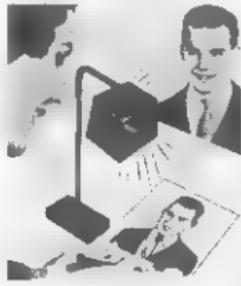
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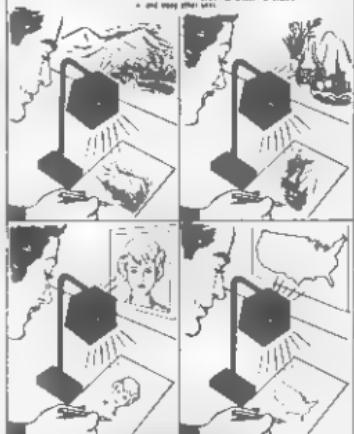


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operated a cattle spread or even a brothel in Montana carried guns. Some of them like Beasie could shoot. Man, boy or sheriff, the good-looking blonde who passed herself off as a "cattle rancher" and who doubled in brass as the foremost female bandit in the country, strolled into the shopping center of town and actually did buy herself a new bonnet.

The three other Hatio girls—Marie, Irma and Betty—were long back at the ranch when the blonde mastermind of crime returned with her new chapeau and the amusing story of a sheriff who questioned her at length because she was one of a dozen women known to have made a phone call from the hotel that afternoon.

"He's as big and thick as I thought," Beasie Hatio flopped in a chair. "He didn't even have enough guts to make a pass at me!"

The gun-girl gang was news—big news. In the short span of six months, they made more of a flamboyant splash for themselves than a dozen Harry Tracys and Billy the Kids combined. Their specialty was banks, but now and then when things were tight they held up northbound gold stages and even a mine or two. The only mistake that they ever made was certainly not their fault—they were women to begin with, and it showed. Amazingly, it didn't show until the four sisters did a hang-up job of terrorizing the West, not to mention forcing the resignation of several lawmen who couldn't cope with the unorthodox tactics practiced by the Hatio gang.

"How do you hit a beautiful dame on the jaw?" explained one former sheriff to the jury of peers that tried him for incompetence. "Sure, I got the gun away from her. But she kissed me like no other woman ever did and I clean forgot what I came for . . ."

In six months, a few other men—lawmen and stage drivers—tried futilely to explain away their duplicity in the then crime wave. One young sheriff who was rescued by a posse as he stumbled along a dirt

road in his underwear didn't bother much with an explanation.

"It was an experience of a lifetime and I ain't a bit sorry," he told the jury before they heaved him into jail. "My only regret was that there wasn't enough time to—er, arrest all four of 'em. They got nervous and ducked out on me, drat . . ."

Bessie, Marie, Irma and Betty Halio made it big in big time. They never killed a soul, either. They demonstrated, on several occasions, their inimitable rapier speed at the draw, but the gun was essentially a modus operandi rather than a defensive weapon in their books. Defensively, they used their bodies—and never lost a battle. Ash-blonde Bessie, twenty-four, was the eldest; Marie, Irma and Betty were triplets, twenty-one. Bessie had brains and beauty; her sisters were still in the formative stage, mentally. In one department, however, they were developed to the turn—their bodies.

Thus they was at the outset of their crime wave, on Christmas Eve, 1906. They needed some men to fill their stockings, so they went right out and did what they had to. It came naturally to the sisters Hatio.

TEXAS-BORN and Montana-raised, the four girls were the issue of Mary and Sam Hatio, circus people who traveled in the Wild West Shows and who eventually retired to raise four wild girls and some cattle. It was Sam Hatio's fondest dream to see his daughters under spotlights—stellar attractions, as it were, which they became in a sort of way. One year after the death of their parents, the girls resolved to stick it out in the beef business.

They were short on funds and shorter yet on knowledge of ranching, but they made a sincere attempt to fight it through. Range riders were few and far between, there being some pretty fair gold diggings in the country, so they had a devil of a time making ends meet. Shortly before Christmas, Bessie Hatio made the fatal decision that was to keep them in silks and satins.



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"It's high time you girls found out what life is about," Bebbie lectured her brood. "You sure as hell won't find out on this spread."

"You mean we're movin', Bebbie?" Irma asked tearfully.

"No," Bebbie said firmly, squaring her lovely young shoulders. "We're not movin'. We're just gonna have things a lot easier—and as far as the world is concerned, we're right here at the same old fruitstand Four sweet girls struggling to make a livin'."

Bebbie's sisters weren't entirely sure of what she meant, so she spelled it out. Bebbie, herself, had enjoyed a taste of high living a couple of months before when she'd visited her mother's family in Texas. There had been a man, her first man. And then a whole damned slew of men, she laughed. Well, they were all cut from the same cloth, Bebbie said. It stood to reason that if she liked men, they would too. The premise was logical and, shortly after, proven correct.

ON Christmas Eve, a bitterly cold night in the Montana hills, a stagecoach carrying five men and a couple of boxes of high-grade ore mysteriously vanished between two points on a forty-mile run. There was no trace of violence, no corpus delicti—nothing except five pairs of trousers stacked in a neat pile beside the road. A week later, they rode back into civilization with a fantastic story of an abduction and seduction that people roared at.

"The ringleader put a gun to my head," Oliver Pedersen, the stage driver testified. "I pulled off my pants as she ordered. Then one of them blindfolded me. We went for a hell of a long time into the hills. Always, there was a girl with me, feeding me, tickling me. I never saw their faces because my blindfold never came off, because my hands were tied, because there was always another girl with a gun in the room, anyway."

The victim, five, told approximately the same story.

"Even if it ain't true," the Colorado Courier conceded, "it's sure the danged best story this sheet's ever printed."

That was for sure. But it wasn't the last time that the quartet of girl bandits would play havoc with the passions of their victims—and that was for doubly sure! A political aspirant of Colorado took a stage ride into mining country and crossed into the terrain of the Hatto Sisters. It was February, 1907, and even colder than when they inaugurated their unique service, but they were ready, as usual, with trusses and blindfolds.

THEY nailed the stage as it careened around an S bend, three riders charging out from the blind

side, the fourth coming up from the opposite side and politely blasting off the driver's hat. The stage squealed to a stop as a shrill, female command lashed:

"Don't go for your guns, boys. If you like to breathe air and see your loved ones, sit right still." Twin Coits filled the leader's small hands, but the guns were steady and level with the victims' eyes. Black silk bandanas covered their faces, but it was obvious even to an idiot that these were women -- well-proportioned young women. The political aspirant of Colorado was pretty young himself, and not bad looking, Bebbie Hatlo decided. The others? She wanted a better look.

"Everybody out. Fast—git movin'!" the bandit spokesman snapped. The carriage emptied. A woman in a black fur coat stalked out angrily into the cold dusk.

"Bless me!" Bebbie giggled. "Lady, you're shore gonna get an education this trip!"

AGAIN, the stage pulled off the road and the occupants were blindfolded and taken for the long ride to nowhere. In addition to \$7,000 in cash a diamond bracelet, and several gold watches, the guests were relieved (other than the politician's wife, of course) of their trousers. The wife cut loose a tirade of spleen which Bebbie, in turn, cut short with a stiff right uppercut.

Trussed and gagged, the politician's wife was forced to witness her husband's rape by the four girl bandits. They kept their masks on, but shed all clothing. The political aspirant passed out after a time and his wife called him a thousand unprintable names because of his lack of fight. The driver and shotgun rider picked up where the official left off. One week later, all were returned to civilization.

But this time the newspapers did not joke Rape and Robbery. The charge, however fantastic, was nonetheless true. After all, the wife of a Colorado politician was actually forced to witness the shameful events. A handbill alluding to the atrocity was shortly circulated to law-enforcement officers within 500 miles. The reward was \$2,000 cash "for information leading to the capture."

It was then, while all roads were staked out, while posse scoured the hills, that the four lust-loving sisters went on their bank heisting spree. That was really clear sailing. A couple of thousand men were hunting the hills while they were down below. Three banks fell in rapid succession to the masked girl bandits, without a shot fired, and nearly \$87,000 was cleaned out from the tellers' cages and dropped in saddlebags to be evacuated without as much as a lone horseman charging after them.

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On May 7, 1907, the quartet robbed their fourth and last bank, Pride and Hammer, in Cripple Creek. Bessie, as per her operating procedure, sent the girls on home with the money. She remained in town shopping for a bonnet and smiling demurely for the cowboys and saloon heroes. Bessie Hatlo blinked her girlish eyes demurely, wiggled, and rode home.

In a false cellar of the Hatlo ranch, the funds of two score heists were cached. Also a list of the male visitors. The four sisters were relaxing before a warming fire, two evenings later, when Sheriff Holland and Sheriff Coy and their posse rode up. Bessie, ever the charming hostess, invited them in.

Coy, from Billings, apologized blushingly for the intrusion. The four Hatlo girls looked aghast.

"You mean..." Bessie sputtered, "that you're accusing us of those terrible things—the robberies, the unmentionable acts?"

Bessie and her lovely sisters were nearly in tears. A few of the lawmen standing in the back of the large room shuffled self-consciously and exited, still not convinced that four so-female girls could match up to the crime wave. But a thumping round dozen men came in from the porch and identified the sisters from their voices.

SHERIFF HOLLAND had his own test. After talking to each of the girls and explaining why it was logical that they should be accused—he didn't seem sure at first—the fact remained that they were, according to census, perfect match-ups to the reign of terror.

"Say I've kicked better men than you out of my bed, Mister," Holland instructed Bessie Hatlo.

The eldest of the clan blushed, sputtered and finally, demurely, repeated the sentence. Holland scratched his head.

"I could've sworn it was you, ma'am," Holland apologized. The dozen witnesses also were suddenly unsure of themselves. These girls were dressed and their hair was combed in the proper ladylike style of the day.

"I feel faint," Bessie Hatlo whimpered, suddenly swaying.

The strong arm of Sheriff Coy grabbed the leader as she slumped into a couch. Bessie was revived with smelling salts while her copiously weeping sisters explained how they managed to live so well.

Bessie made all our investments. She has a flair for business matters," Irma explained. "We live simply but well. Our little ranch prospers because we give it our undivided attention."

It was over and the four sisters' good name was cleared. An embarrassing case of circumstantial evidence, the two sheriffs apologized effusively. Miss Bessie Hatlo saw

them to the door and snapped the lock shut. The four lovely blondes waited a long fifteen minutes before breaking into uncontrollable laughter.

"My God!" Bessie shrieked. "Will you ever forget the look on that sheriff's face when I repeated his sentence, word for word?"

"That other sheriff—Coy!" Irma giggled. "He's one I wish we had around here for a while, don't you?"

Sisters Marie and Betty roared until the tears rolled down their cheeks. They were remembering some of the stage drivers who couldn't be sure suddenly. The drum of hoofbeats had vanished into the hills as Bessie reached for the lantern. Something moved behind the drapes. Bessie screamed, "Watch out!" and lunged for her irons. But they were gone.

Three Special Officers of the stagecoach line emerged, followed by a smaller, shadowed figure. There was still a reasonable doubt as to their identity, but Bessie herself queered that.

"My husband said I was really more woman than any of you will ever be," the wife of the politician snapped pridefully.

"That fool!" Bessie thoughtlessly blurted. "He was like a schoolboy. Why, goddammit, I've kicked better men out of bed than your bumbling husband—"

Sheriff Holland also emerged from the shadows.

"That ain't exactly what she told me over the phone," he confided to the Specials, "but it's approximately confirming enough to suit me."

THE Sisters Hatlo spent the night in Billings jail. They went to trial a week later and confessed readily when Sheriff Coy and a party of searchers found the cache of stolen wealth. The sisters drew ten-year stretches for armed robbery, serving out five years in the women's cell block of the State penitentiary. They were discharged as a group and shook off a gaggle of inquisitive newspapermen. It was rumored that they went to Mexico; it was also rumored that they opened a pleasure house in San Francisco.



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cial steel bell which the operator could use when he wanted the ball to fall on red—i.e., when black was heavily backed by bettors.

"One wheel was equipped with a 'bouncer'—a wedge of hard rubber that fits into the back of a pocket so closely that it cannot be detected. If a number is heavily bet, the operator slips the bouncer into the back of that pocket and, should the ball land there, it will quickly bounce out."

The miniature roulette wheel (as opposed to the pocket wheel, which usually has only twelve numbers) is an exact duplicate of the big Vegas set-up. These wheels, however, can be fixed and are often sold in cities with the crooked apparatus and instructions. People give roulette parties for their friends and acquaintances and make a handsome profit through their use.

The swindle lies in the partitions between the pockets of the wheel. Half of these are attached to the outer rim and half to the center of the wheel—an arrangement extremely difficult to detect. Below the knob which the operator spins to make the wheel revolve, is a tight-fitting clamp which can be turned a fraction of an inch in either direction. When it's in the center the wheel is fair, but when the operator turns it slightly to the right it narrows the pockets of black so that the ball cannot enter. A twist to the left and the red pockets narrow.

The operator watches the bets and when he sees most of the money down on one color, he shifts the clamp so the other color wins.

Want to beat him in his own game? Withhold your bet until he's just spun the wheel (by custom, any player has that right) and then lay down a nice piece of change on whichever color has been bet lightly. Do it two or three times and your host will either suggest ping-pong or quit rigging the wheel.

THE ART OF cheating at poker is probably as old as the game itself. The oldest known deck of marked cards dates from 1657—it was discovered in Virginia, brought here by the first English settlers! Today it's a minor industry in this country and a major menace to the casual poker player. Any novelty shop carries marked cards under the guise of "magicians' decks," and some unscrupulous manufacturers produce them to resemble well-known and authentic brands like Ace and Bicycle. Other cardsharks prefer their own systems: they buy standard decks and ink them by hand.

It's hardly necessary to say that the victim is up against powerful odds when he bucks marked cards. The designs are intricate and almost impossible to detect with an eye that doesn't know precisely what it's looking for. But there's one weapon which anyone can use with ease to detect a pre-marked deck.

That weapon is the rifle. If you suspect a marked deck (and sometimes even if you don't, it's well to check)—simply hold the pack in your left hand and rifle them rapidly with the fingers of your right hand. If the deck is marked,

you'll see a series of "moving pictures" since the back of each card is different from its neighbor. A sharp eye will immediately detect the system. At that point, you have the choice of walking out or taking out your six-gun as Gary Cooper would have done.

More difficult is the detection of cards marked during play. This is done with simple smears of ink, say, on the backs of the aces; more complicated dabs of special ink which is only visible through dark glasses worn by the crooked gamester; or even thumb nicks on the edges of cards of a certain suit. The only thing a man can do is keep an eye peeled and be wary of players who wear sunglasses at midnight poker games.

Lone cardsharks don't only rely on marked decks. They're adept at palming cards, stacking a deck and dealing from the bottom. The only defense, once again, is to know your man, watch him carefully, and give the deck a double-cut before every deal. If you still consistently lose all the close hands to one player, quit the game and chalk it up to experience.

THERE ARE certain popular mechanical devices you can spot. The most dangerous is the "hold-out," invented in 1896 by a man named Kepplinger. A slender, jointed bar runs up the player's sleeve and from it a cord reaches inside his clothing to his knee. A mechanical clip on the end of the bar enables him to pluck a card from his hand merely by closing his legs. Later the card is returned to another hand where it's more helpful.

Naturally, this device is complicated and expensive, and thus seldom pops up in local "friendly" poker games. More often seen is the "shiner"—small concave mirror which can be attached to a ring worn by the player, a pipe or cigarette case laid carelessly on the table, or even an ash tray. With it, a man who is dealing can spot every card as he wheels them out to his soon-to-be-unlucky opponents.

Of a more obvious nature is the "check-cop," which appeals to players who haven't the nerve to mark or palm cards but have no scruples when it comes to cut-and-run stealing. This is a small disc, smeared with wax, and concealed in the player's palm. Pressed against a pile of chips in the center pot, it will lift the top one, which our hero then deposits in his own stack.

Harry Devlin, who with Scarne is one of the chief expositors of cardsharp tricks in this country, had this to say to this reporter:

"Rule number one in gambling is never play against the house. Rule number two is never play with strangers. Rule number three is never play with friends, because if you win they won't be friends for long. Rule number four is don't play with your wife, unless she has a separate bank account and money of her own. Rule number five is break all these rules, if you can afford it, and if you really enjoy the game."

And good luck to you!

GIGI ROCHETTE

(Continued from page 29)

"Madam," he bowed. The show of chivalry evoked a slight smile, an approving nod. The brunette accepted the cigarette and holding it quite steadily, peered over the flame at the transfixed suitor. "It's possible," he mumbled, "that someone as gorgeous as yourself attends an opening unescorted?"

"C'est la vie," the brunette shrugged. "My husband is in Paris. He cannot join me."

The accent delighted the Open-nighter.

"You're French! Wonderful! I was in France—Bellevaux Woods during the show!" he puffed out proudly.

And the brunette approved. As the lobby crush continued, her body seemed to fall against his. She sighed apologetically. The gentleman felt suddenly uncomfortable in his evening clothes. He thought he was losing his mind as the brunette's hand slipped into his and she squeezed him slightly.

"I find America dreadfully lonely."

The man crushed out his cigarette, glanced furtively toward the inner lobby and pleaded with his eyes. Again the brunette nodded. Beside himself with joy, he hurriedly forced a path to the street and hailed the first taxi. As they pulled away, the

brunette fell easily into his arms.

"Your wife, she will be angry?"

"Oh, to hell with her!"

"I like your male impulsiveness," the brunette whispered huskily, adjusting to the pressure of his eager arms. "Take me home, M'sieur."

"Where's that?" he groaned.

"Ninety-second Street. It is such a big house," she bit his chin. "And I am so lonely there."

"Don't worry, cheri," the man chuckled. "You won't be from now on, believe me! I'm healthy and wealthy. Whatever your needs, I'll be Johnny on the spot—"

"And your wife?"

"Her? To hell with her!"

THE tall, statuesque brunette settled back and stared through the half-drawn shades at midtown Broadway. The man held her hungrily. She permitted it, but she didn't take her eyes off New York. It was February, 1920. Gigi Rochette, twenty-three, whose bed manners had caused wholesale desertions from the front during the Marne, knew suddenly that the big investment of coming to America would pay off. In fact, it already had. Mama and her three sisters were en route, and the house that her solicitations had earned while aboard ship was free and clear. It was uptown, true, but Gigi Rochette was well aware of the fact that the Parisian adage, "play on the other side of town" was just

as pertinent in New York.

The impulsive young stock broker was everything he claimed: healthy and extremely wealthy. Having played in Paris for a time, he'd cultivated the proportionately correct taste for giving as well as receiving. Off and on, the gentleman visited several times weekly. In addition to a regularly stipulated fee of \$1,000 per month, he paid for such sundries as evening gowns and furs. For her birthday, the gentleman gave stocks — gilt edge, naturally. Mademoiselle Rochette accepted in the properly Parisian spirit. She never again mentioned a husband.

FOUR weeks after her first American conquest, the other amazing Rochettes contributed their earthy talents to Gigi's pleasure palace on West End Avenue. Mama who'd married and given birth to triplets before her fifteenth birthday, was a stunning, oversexed, curvaceous blonde with big black sparkling eyes. She didn't look her thirty-nine years. She wiggled far better than her four lovely daughters, but what was more important than even that, was Mama's acute, if brilliant, business sense.

Conducting a seminar in finances shortly after her arrival, Adrienne Rochette was dismayed by her eldest daughter's haphazard scoring system. "In France it was different. Competition was terrible; conditions

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impossible, but here it is not so. We
will proceed according to plan," she
swelled out proudly. "It will bring
acclaim and luxury, and most im-
portant—social position. There is no
need for street walking in the United
States—not if you know the right
people."

"But, Mama," Gigi protested. "I
do know the right people."

Adrienne snapped her fingers an-
grily. "First, stop calling me Mama—
here I am Adrienne Second, your
young man—the stock broker. He
treats you shabbily. You should be
seen. Our salon should be open to
the important, the really important
men of New York—not those who
would sleep and run!"

"Mama, he pays me \$1,000 monthly
and buys me clothes—it is bad?"

"With your body, with your knowl-
edge of love, you should get ten
times that!" Adrienne flashed an-
grily. "When I was your age, I never
had your opportunities."

ROXANNE, Clarette and Suzy
were plainly caught in the mid-
dle. Gigi's Gallic shrug was an elo-
quent reply. Mama took over lock,
stock and barrel. Despite her text
book English, Adrienne managed
with apparently little difficulty to
master the language and also to put
their *maison de plaisir* on the map.
Wherever men of substance met
the Stock Market, Delmonico's, Ja-
maica, the old Waldorf bar—the droll
conversation sooner or later got
around to "those four French beauties
in their mansion on 92nd Street.
Ooh, la, la!" The World War I leaves
in Paris were as fresh in most minds
as the succulent Gallic women they
left behind.

Knowing considerably more about
men than her offspring, Adrienne
Rochette played on their nostalgia
to the fullest. The four of them
weren't enough to make a good chor-
us line, but in a small room their
can-can went over big. So did the big
supply of French wines that
Rochette Sr. imported from La Belle.
So did the scratchy phonograph records,
the *Over There*, the *Poppies*,
the *Mademoiselle from Armentières*
... among other touches. Their score
wasn't just big—it was fabulous!

SHORTLY before the Saratoga sea-
son, in April of 1920, the World
carried a feature story that drew a
typhoon of criticism from pillars of
New York society. Twenty men had
been found in "inebriated condition
and many of them completely nude,
dancing and punching each other
over four French women who called
themselves ladies . . ."

The story was only partially cor-
rect. They were all drunk, almost
nude, and only two men were fight-
ing. The fight was, as long as it
lasted, a pretty good one at that. A
former major general and a former
PFC, both of excellent families and
millionaires in their own right, be-

gan swinging at each other as a re-
sult of rehashing Belleaux Woods.

The girls immediately improvised
a ring with some furniture and pil-
lows as the PFC roared defiantly.
"You brass button bastards got us
slaughtered. Advancing in his bare
feet, he dug hard right to the gen-
eral's midriff and left hook to the
jaw. The girls stood around drinking
champagne—not one interfered as
the general went over a console,
broke a wall mirror and came up
licking blood. The PFC waited, a
perfect gentleman with his hands
held high, and his voice reiterating
his original claim. The general came
in low, weaving One shoulder dropped.
The feint worked perfectly. The general
brought up a 200-pound hay-
maker and the PFC went sailing
backward, over a couch and com-
pletely through the salon window.

He was neither hurt nor killed.
But he was cold as the devil stand-
ing in a driving rain with so much
skin showing. The general exercised
his prerogative and bellowed, "Lock
the bum out! I'm here to enjoy my-
self . . ."

Locked out, the hapless ex-soldier
was shortly picked up by a paddy
wagon. Unthinkingly, he asked for
his clothes. The cop broke down the
door and the rest was a matter for
society scandal.

CURIOSITY, nothing harmful re-
sulted from the publicity. It put
the four Rochettes smack on the
front pages, and their names and
patriotic *foie de viure* evoked only
the highest praise. Adrienne and her
gorgeous brood were made. They
took Saratoga by storm, being wined,
dined and feted by the horsey set.
Their fortunes increased at a cor-
responding rate.

It was Mama Rochette's thinking
at the time that they should move
to more elegant quarters. Their fifteen
rooms were on the crimpshain side now.
But the girls out-voted her
four-to-one. Adrienne yielded to the
numbers. Just about the only thing
that Mama Rochette didn't yield to
was the fundamental principle of
how many women would "entertain"
in her home. She was dead set
against distractions.

"There are five of us," Adrienne
would rail. "Five of us can entertain
as many men as can fit in this es-
tablishment."

She was right there, too.



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THE house on 92nd Street came perilously close to having its doors permanently barred when, in July of that year, a number of baseball players from the Giants and Braves teams were found cavorting wildly through the four-story mansion. Their excuse for being out of uniform—out of everything, for that matter—was the heat. They said, through a spokesman, they were trying like hell to beat the heat. Madam and her chicks had their pictures taken again. The rebuttal: patriotism, screamed their attorney. After all, baseball was America's favorite outdoor pastime. Madam Rochette and daughters four were only trying to become better Americans. The fact that they'd taken out first papers for citizenship helped immensely. The case was thrown out. Madam gave a statement to the press: "Zey are shamming. So young, so virile, so impetuous."

There were other tidbits of notoriety, each progressively saucier. New York's James J. Walker was photographed emerging one autumn morning. He climbed into a cab, exhausted, bags under his eyes, his shirt in shreds. His only comment to the reporter who was tipped off to his whereabouts was:

"A man can only take one night like that in a lifetime..."

At the names of their patrons became bigger and better, their fortunes likewise continued to rise. It was rumored that the five insuperable Frenchies had a couple of millions in cash and half of Wall Street in a vault. The stories were embroidered out of reason, Adrienne asserted hotly. They had, between them, all together, counting stocks and cash, no more than a million.

There was one wild party in the house on 92nd Street that never made the editions of New York's press. Secrecy shrouded the Easter soiree that Adrienne and her chickadees tossed for the then French Ambassador and staff. Dressed as five luscious Easter rabbits (girl rabbits), they hopped-hopped through an incredible number of rooms, pursued by would-be male rabbits.

Not long after, they appeared at the Embassy in a somewhat more formal regalia. It was, as far as anybody knows, the first and last time that five women received France's coveted Legion of Merit medals. Adrienne, Gigi, Roxanne, Clairette and Suzy—they all got it!

"I think we go to Europe," Adrienne announced one day. Standing before the street window in her negligee, she pointed out five reporters waiting in a doorway. "Privacy, she is no more."

THAT was the truth. In a sudden, unparalleled burst of modesty,

they boarded the *Leviathan* under assumed names and "escaped" unmolested by newspapermen. It wasn't for a week that New York discovered the hoax. Their usual haunts—Saratoga Spa, Palm Beach, Asbury Park, New Orleans, etc. et al.—turned up nothing. Then a cable was opened by the night city editor of the old *Globe*, a gentleman who'd frequently defended their right to play in his editorial column. He wrote the story of their departure in eight-point type, etching the column in black.

"New York and the country have lost five wonderful, lusty ladies. I fear for good. Their contribution to society was hard to pinpoint, at best, but **they** was something that will doubtless never be duplicated. Having known all five intimately (and I don't care if I lose my lousy job)—all I can say is *Vive la France!*"

There are conflicting stories as to what actually became of the fabulous Rochettes. One version from Cannes said they overturned in a speedboat and drowned. Another asserted that the deposed Moroccan monarch, Mulij Hafid, blew their collective brains out in fit of pique. The last and most likely was a brief item with a Paris dateline. "Madam Rochette and daughters have retired from public life . . ." Whether this meant they retired because of marriage or what, nobody knows. Nobody will ever know. The house on 92nd Street was torn down about the same time to make way for an apartment house.

Inasmuch as the Rochettes were gone, it seemed the decent thing to do, anyway.

BLOODY TEETH

(Continued from page 41)

on was Mrs Linders' cat, *Felis catus*, a big, stiff-legged, coal-black alley variety named Cleopatra managed somehow to get passed through customs. Personally, the idea of trucking around a chorus-looking blonde in big country appealed to me as much as spooking a timber rattler. Gorgeous women like to be pampered and a deer camp's not much of a setting for pampering. Added to this was Cleopatra who was, I shortly learned, very much in heat. Mike Linders had his problems and my sympathy.

"Jim, think it's wrong for an old buck like me to take a twenty-six-year-old gal for a wife?" Mike asked me sort of vaguely the season before. "There's thirty years difference in our ages."

I used that old bromide, "What's the difference if you're young in mind, Mr. Linders?"

It was, properly, the correct, the diplomatic reply.

I suspected that Mike Linders wanted to hear precisely those words.

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There are certain things (amenities, some people call them) expected of a wilderness man—certain things his clients want to hear and other things, generally the truths, that they want no part of. I never went out of my way to false-flatter a hunter but I never went out of my way to antagonize him, either. As a professional hunter who ate regularly, the result of fairly bustling trade in hunters and fishermen, I was well versed in tact—I had to be.

In the year since I'd seen Linders—the first time he came up with three cronies—I noticed that some of the joy had gone out of the old boy. He'd sounded right enough in his reservation letter, but who can tell much from something on paper—especially something from a guy you hardly know? That day he flopped out of the plane he looked a lot older than the guy I'd gotten a buck for the year before; he looked emotionally pooped—as if the little woman was really pouring the coals to him.

"Lil," Mike beamed. "Meet the best damned guide in New Brunswick!"

"He means one of the luckiest," I grinned at the blonde "Hi."

"Mike's told me so much about you, Jim," she held out a warm hand and gave a very warm squeeze. "I can see what he meant about the best—"

I thought, Watch it, mister—she is Trouble! And when Linders took me aside and said he thought it was just possible his office was going to try to get hold of him because of some pressing problem, I thought for sure that old man Linders was losing his marbles. It was about that time that the big mink-coated blonde walked into customs and claimed her female cat. I said nothing. I had enough to think about without worrying about her blasted cat.

"It's a long sixty miles, Mrs. Linders," I explained as I carried their bags to my four-wheel drive wagon. "And a rough sixty miles. Let me apologize now for the bumps—they'll be plenty of 'em!"

"Mike's told me all about it!" She laughed lightly. "I'm really conditioned to the rugged sports life. I spent all last week walking around Central Park Reservoir."

Her cat got one whiff of me, spat defiantly and curled up in the blonde's mink. Nothing much more happened for a couple of days except for what big Lillian Linders wanted to happen. She gave her spouse a real bad time of it in a subtle way and I felt sorry as hell for the old man. He made the mistake of telling her to keep her cat in the cabin.

"That black sonuvagun's in heat, Lil! Every wildcat from here to Maine's going to get the urge—it's positively unsafe letting her out!" Unfortunately he made the mis-

take, too, of turning to me for corroboration. I nodded in agreement. That got her down on me just as bad. Or at least she made it seem that way in front of her husband. In front of me, manner speaking, she was just her old happy self full of a sexy cable sweater. Lillian Linders was a woman. Unfortunately, more woman than her new husband—my friend—could handle.

Maybe Mike sensed that little storm that Lillian was cooking up. Maybe that's what he had in mind all the time. Still he played it straight, leaving the door open to temptation but never actually giving his wife *carte blanche* although by inference it certainly seemed that way.

"Go ahead without me," Mike flopped out before the open hearth with his morning coffee. "Weather's getting in my bones. I'll save my energy for the deer."

"They better show up soon or I'll have to give you a rebate."

"No rebate necessary, son," Linders grinned. "I'm having a good time just watching Lil take in the great outdoors."

Lil? She made a big show of hugging around a rifle, but in front of me, a bigger show of herself. And all the time, Mike calmly went along smiling cryptically and sipping his coffee or whiskey I knew there had to be trouble sooner or later.

We shared a twenty-by-thirty cabin, a two-roomer, as I'd knocked up a few years ago before passing my guide's exam. My own capabilities in life were pretty hard to pinpoint. I thought I knew people and could handle them; I thought I was a pretty fair hunter. Single, thirty-three, operating a hunting and fishing business in the black since '46, the story of my life was essentially the story of a man without a hell of a lot of ambition but one who was lucky enough to make a living and enjoy it at the same time.

Maybe Mike intentionally wanted to use me to square away his wife; maybe it just seemed that way. A normal man can only take so much arm twisting and something's got to give. The situation came sharply into focus a few days afterward. Joe McInnis, closest neighbor with a phone, trucked down to camp with an "urgent" for my client. Seemed Linders was needed in New York.

"No point in spoiling your fun, honey," Mike kissed his wifey. "I'll only be gone a few days. Maybe by then the weather'll change and the deer hunting'll improve."

"I doubt it," I said candidly. "You know what, daddy?" Lillian smiled. "Maybe you've got a point there. For the first time in ages, I'm beginning to enjoy myself."

"That's right!" Mike smiled back. "Enjoy yourself."

"You'll be back when, sir?"

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"Oh in a few days," Linders said casually. "See if you can put some color in Lillian's face. Make her plenty, son."

LILLIAN went on petting her black cat, Cleopatra, and looking like one herself. I gave them time alone by going outside with McInnis. He glared at me.

"You mean he's leaving her alone with you?"

"That's what it would appear to be. And what the hell." I glared right back, "do you think I'll do to his woman?"

"I ain't thinking about you, Jim—it's her! She's trouble six ways from the ace of spades and you know it!"

"Don't know anything of the kind. Joe! His wife and her goddamn black cat are his troubles. I got my own!"

McInnis snapped, "Okay! It's your funeral!"

Prophetic words, I must say. Joe took Linders back to Moncton Airport for me. It was Linders' idea; didn't want to go fouling up his wife's big game hunt. I kept my distance for the better part of eight hours, but that night before the open fire I got nailed. Tried though; I tried like hell! Lillian Linders got a belt out of that.

She started off slow like a gathering storm. I was working up a fire, fixing some of Linders' special steaks that he'd flown in because the New Brunswick meat and he weren't on speaking terms. I was kneeling in front of the fire, stone sober, feeling a twinge of regret for the old man. Her cat, Cleo, usually scratching to get out and mix it up with some of the native wildcats, suddenly was lying beside me purring loud and contentedly. In her room Lil was humming *I'm Gonna Love You Like Nobody's Loved You*. The setup was perfect, only I still wanted no part of it—at least the noble man in me didn't...

"How's it coming, Jim?" Lil called.

"Fine. Ready in a minute. Hungry?"

"You kidding?" the blonde laughed. "All this red-blooded fresh air, all the footwork for nonexistent deer—you kidding?"

THE next time she spoke I was lifting the steak and setting it on a wooden platter. The wine and candlelight were her idea. The only thing I contributed was a fresh shave and clean shirt. I called:

"Come and get it!"

Blonde hair brushed against my face. I looked up as Mrs. Linders mumbled:

"You're damned right I will!"

She pulled my face up against her red, parted lips and kissed me like I was mountain water and she was dying of thirst. Around daylight we ate the steak...

Cleopatra got into the act a few days later. She slipped out of the

cabin and within minutes half the bobcats in New Brunswick knew it. I knew it because I was driving a patch of hardwoods above a stand where I'd stationed the blonde. All of a sudden Cleo howled and took off through the woods, a black streak followed by a half dozen male wildcats all fighting mad to do the honors. But Cleo escaped through a window in the camp and I got down there in time to shoot three of her would-be lovers.

Lil was shaken. Not half as much as her cat, but shaken. I tried to talk sense to her; tried to get the cat out of camp, but she wouldn't listen. Cleo was curled up in the blonde's loving arms, black, sleek and putting out her love musk. I didn't realize it at the time. It was the same outfit Lil used in the field, and cat musk literally saturated it!

Could be it was the weather that prolonged our hunting fiasco—the weather turned cold. Cleo's musk got the deep freeze abruptly, and her wildcat suitors with less of a wind to go on, kept away. Mrs. Linders remained affectionately mine. She wasn't a bad gal. Playful. Liked the luxuries of being married to a rich man old enough to be her father, but unable to find satisfaction unless she got away from home. Her week in camp was "a happy one," she said tearfully. I had no complaints, either. Even my guilty conscience went away after a while.

THE morning that our little relationship busted wide open started out like all the rest, except that it was warm and the deer were blating like crazy in the timberline. Big bucks snort and cut up like mad when they're running does, and if you've heard enough of them crashing through the woods you know the sounds. I told Lillian to dress and hurry down to the stand; told her that I was going to drive the ridges and see if I couldn't spook one down to her.

"Must I?" she giggled. She was sitting up in bed, blankets covering her full, ripe body. "Must I get out in that goddammed cold again?"

"It's not cold, it's warm. And I think maybe it's a good idea," I grinned. "Your old man will be coming back any time—why not show him a deer?"

"The things I go through to keep you happy!" the blonde groaned and grabbed for me. I shook her off. I told her to be down in the blind in thirty minutes. She groaned again. I took off. "Men!" I heard her say. Men and their goddamn deer!"

Thirty minutes later I was pussy-footing around in the high ground, finding deer droppings. I thought I pushed out a buck as I was coming up, but I couldn't be sure. I was still following the steam of the high ground where it dipped to some giant ledges and then sprawled out into

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the barren scrub below, hoping to shove the deer right into Lillian's gun. Something else reached her first.

THIS first time I heard ■ I wasn't sure—then I listened. Damned if the wildcats weren't running the blonde! Incongruous thoughts tore through my mind as I heard the sudden, effusive howling of the cats tearing in at Mrs. Linders' stand. I wasn't sure what brought the cats this time, then I remembered the deep freeze and how, suddenly, overnight, the weather had thawed some. The big blonde smelled like her pet to those wildcats, and they wanted her!

The sharp crack of her carbine echoed in the timberline like autumn thunder. She fired all six shots. Then she was screaming and I was taking off down the wet ledge rocks like a greased rabbit. The louder she screamed, the faster I slid.

Brambles and alders whiplashed my face as I slid down the jagged talus slope. If the dame gets killed you'll fry, Melton. Get down there—break your neck getting down there, but get there! my brain howled. I saw Lillian Linders briefly, a flurry of yellow hair and sheeting blood mixed with a pack of slashing wildcats.

I didn't fire; didn't dare to. I cut my hands to bloody shreds, tore the bottom out of my hunting britches, but she finally heard me:

"Take 'em off! Take off your clothes, for God's sake, woman!"

ABOUT two hundred yards separated us. But I couldn't shoot ■ was impossible to shoot without hitting the blonde. She was ringed by wildcats—short, chunky New Brunswick cats averaging twenty-five pounds apiece. I counted eight of them in that fraction of a second left to us; I screamed the order again. The cats looked up at me. The blonde ripped open her blouse as the first cat hit her.

"Melton—shoot!"

My client was scared, but she was no dope. She hit the ground as I squeezed on the first free wildcat. The animal did a somersault as the 30 hit him and like wolves, the others turned about and started tearing it to pieces. I ran frantically, I covered that span of field, running and snapping off six shots in rapid succession. Then I jerked my hunting knife. Mrs. Linders was rolling on the ground, her blouse off, the cats shrieking and tearing it to pieces. and themselves.

And then us.

Fangs and claws ripped our throats in those few moments. The cats wanted me because wildcats will kill anything, any size, if sufficiently provoked. They had the girl down and were lacerating her with a murderous desperation, digging their claws in for a foothold and then

burrowing with incisors and ripping. I had a vision of the blonde under a welter of sheeting blood with cats hooked to her body as she stumbled to her feet and shrieking, whirled about like a dervish with the cats hanging on and, if anything, biting deeper. I saw one cat with its snout burrowed in the blonde's chest, crimson founts bubbling up from the shredded mangle that was now a red oozing cavity.

On the ground she had both fists hooked to the hairy throat of a big gray that was rooted to her scalp, lancing and laying it open and spilling her blood into the grass. Myself, I got it then. I kept bailing and screaming, slashing with the knife. A cat hooked two forelegs around my right wrist as the knife went straight through it.

"Die! Die!" I howled. "Die you bastards—"

MY hand was a sponge of blood, my own, and the cats' as they slashed into the blonde. She was groaning and writhing on the ground and as I fell over her, trying to hack the needed death that had her, my own throat became the object of consummate hell. I couldn't protect her and myself both. My throat was suddenly hit by a blur, a snarling, spit-like-drooling blur of gray that sent spirals of agony through me. Like a contortionist, I lay on my back, both feet in the air trying to shift the juggling weight of a big whiskered monster that was stuck fast to one boot and biting through. Warm, soupy blood gurgled in my throat as another hit me and then others, turning from the prostrate form beside me, as cats do always when something "interesting" moves to intrigue them.

I was it. I bailed out blindly, howling in terror, blood and fur suddenly in my mouth as I bit down on the brittle legs that skewered my jaws. The last thing I saw was a cat hooked to my chest with all fours, burrowing intently, looking up at me with a rag of bloody skin in his mouth, then burrowing again.

I WASN'T around for the finish. But Joe McInnis, my neighbor, was. Thank God McInnis returned to give me a message. He found the blonde and my remains. The message? Old man Linders was arriving that same night. McInnis wanted me to break it up with the girl. I didn't have to—the cats took care of every last little detail. They didn't leave enough of her to recognize. Lil died en route to the hospital; I sweated out four months, six plastic surgeries and an operation that gave me a new throat. A hunk of tube, to be precise.

Old Linders paid ■ the bills. That was only right. In one fell swoop, Linders divested himself of his wife and me of a living. But he was nice

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Dr. Lamont,¹ points out that other significant clues can crop up during the course of the evening—clues that should be recognized by every man who wants a glimpse of his woman's secret sex attitudes. Dr. Lamont has divided them like this:

PURSE FUMBLING. Most men have come across the type of girl who keeps fiddling with her purse or pocketbook throughout the evening. Shell open it, close it, toy with the items it contains, bend the strap, and so on. Yes, this girl is nervous. More to the point, what's she nervous about?

Likely, this particular girl has become aware of her date's intentions. She knows he's got only one thing in mind and that he can hardly wait to reach for it. Her mind, however, is still undecided. As they say about elections, it's so close it can go either way. Fumbling with her purse is simply visual proof of the conflict going on inside of her. It reveals to the world just how important the situation is to her. The worst at this point is to force the play; our friend should simply ignore her nervousness. "Make no comment about it at all," urges Dr. Lamont. "Otherwise it forces her decision too early in the game—meaning that he'll never get to where he wants to go."

PAPER SHREDDING. This one has the compulsion to tear into tiny bits any old matchbook cover or scrap paper she can find. At first glance it might just be another way of showing nervousness. It isn't. Far more subtle forces are at work in the girl who has to rip paper as she sits across from her date.

Consider this as a blatant exhibition of tension or anxiety. She, too, knows that the evening might end the way of all flesh—and the thought frightens her. Sex—at least in this moment and with this man—frightens her. Is this bad? Of course, it can be. But a little tact, patience and reassurance will go a long way with this girl. The results will prove that it has been time well spent.

HAIR TOYING. This is a common gesture. In fact, most girls sometimes touch their hair or toy with it when they're out with a man. There's a clear-cut reason behind this act. In psychiatry, male hair is a symbol of strength, female hair a symbol of femininity. The girl who keeps putting her hand to her hair is, in Dr. Lamont's words, "holding on to her femininity." In other words, she's insecure about herself as a woman. When she reaches for her hair, she's really reaching for proof of herself as a sexy, feminine individual. This is obviously an encouraging sign.

Now it's time to return to Joe and Mary. During the course of the evening, Mary has exhibited one or more of the above gestures and Joe has reacted accordingly. There's no doubt that he's done well for himself because at the end of the evening she invites him up for a cup of coffee. Now, this is a most hopeful sign but it must not be taken for granted that success is in the offing. As the old saying goes, there's many a

rip twixt the cup and the lip—and the only cup Joe is holding to his lips at the moment is the one with instant coffee in it.

At this time, Joe must pay particular attention to the trend of the conversation. Does Mary somehow bring the talk around to her former boy friends? There's a strong chance she does. If so, Joe has one of the best cues yet to the way the evening will finally go.

The girl who feels a need to talk about her former boy friends is telling plenty about herself. For one thing, she's giving a sales talk—something like, "Look, all these guys came panting after me; I'm pretty hot stuff."

States Dr. Lamont, "But the girl who has to make a sales talk is really very insecure about herself. She's giving herself a build-up, trying to prove she's no slouch in the male-female department, maybe even hinting she's no virgin."

She's doing something else, too: specifically, testing the man to see what he'll do about the competition she's parading out of the past. In other words, she has created a kind of field of battle, rivaling her present date against the men she's been with previously.

Now, it must be apparent to everyone that a girl who unconsciously goes to such lengths is very likely a girl who unconsciously wants to be won. The man who doesn't catch the signal at this point, is likely to strike out, when, if he'd just swung the bat, it would have been a homer.

Along with Mary in her apartment, Joe has to watch out for one other bit of sign language. That bit is centered around Mary's delectable knees. Does she, as is true of so many girls, keep her knees pressed tightly together? If the answer is yes, it means that she's unconsciously blocking off her sexuality—in other words, keeping the door of passion tightly sealed.

Bad? No, just the other way around—excellent. The fact that she's so desperate about keeping the door sealed means only that her date has a highly sensual effect on her, that he's projecting a very sexy image. As Dr. Lamont puts it, "By keeping her knees so close together, she unconsciously announces, 'I do not want to extend a sexual invitation to him.' Yet no woman would think so intensely about *not* inviting a man unless she actually feels she might like to invite him. For her male friend, therefore, it's a sign that tells him he's one step further towards his goal."

So far along is Joe, in fact, that at this point we leave him to follow his own techniques. After all, a woman can speak silently for just so long. If the man has heeded her signs, if he's interpreted them correctly and acted accordingly, then at last she'll announce unmistakably the only one he's really been waiting to read. That is—the welcome sign.

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Don Bolander says: "Now you can learn to speak and write like a college graduate."

Is Your English Holding You Back?

"Do you avoid the use of certain words even though you know perfectly well what they mean? Have you ever been embarrassed because you pronounced a word incorrectly? Are you sometimes unsure of yourself in a conversation with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty writing a good letter or putting your true thoughts down on paper?"

"If so, then you're a victim of *crippled English*," says Don Bolander, Director of Career Institute. "Crippled English is a handicap suffered by countless numbers of intelligent, adult men and women. Quite often they are held back in their jobs and their social lives because of their English. And yet, for one reason or another, it is impossible for these people to go back to school."

Is there any way, without going back to school, to overcome this handicap? Don Bolander says, "Yes!" With degrees from the University of Chicago and Northwestern University, Bolander is an authority on adult education. For almost twenty years he has helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing, and become interesting conversationalists right in their own homes.

BOLANDER TELLS HOW IT CAN BE DONE

During a recent interview, Bolander said, "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method." In his answers to the following questions, Bolander tells how it can be done.

Question: What is so important about a person's ability to speak and write?

Answer: People judge you by the way you speak and write. Poor English weakens your self-confidence—handicaps you in your dealings with other people. Good English is absolutely necessary for getting ahead in business and social life. You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question: What do you mean by a "command of good English"?

Answer: A command of good English means you can express yourself clearly

and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation—also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

Question: Are there other advantages to be gained by acquiring a command of good English?

Answer: Yes! Words are actually "tools of thought." The more you learn about words and how to use them to form and express your ideas, the better your thinking becomes. For this reason a command of good English often pays off in unexpected ways.

Question: Wouldn't I have to go back to school to gain a command of good English?

Answer: No, not anymore. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home—in only a few minutes each day.

Question: Is this something new?

Answer: Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, enlarge your vocabulary, develop your writing ability,

discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question: How do I know it works?

Answer: There are thousands of letters in my files, testimonials from people in all walks of life who have used the proved Career Institute Method to achieve amazing results. If you send in the coupon below, I will share some of these letters with you.

Question: Who are some of these people?

Answer: The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method has helped business men and women, homemakers, industrial workers, clerks, secretaries...almost anyone you can think of.

Question: How long will it take me to learn to speak and write like a college graduate, using your method?

Answer: Some people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question: How can I find out more about the Career Institute Method?

Answer: I will gladly mail you a free 32-page booklet which explains the new easy-to-follow Career Institute Method and tells you how you can gain a command of good English quickly and enjoyably at home. Send coupon, card, or letter today to Career Institute, 355 E. Lange St., Mundelein, IL 60060.

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